

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1866.

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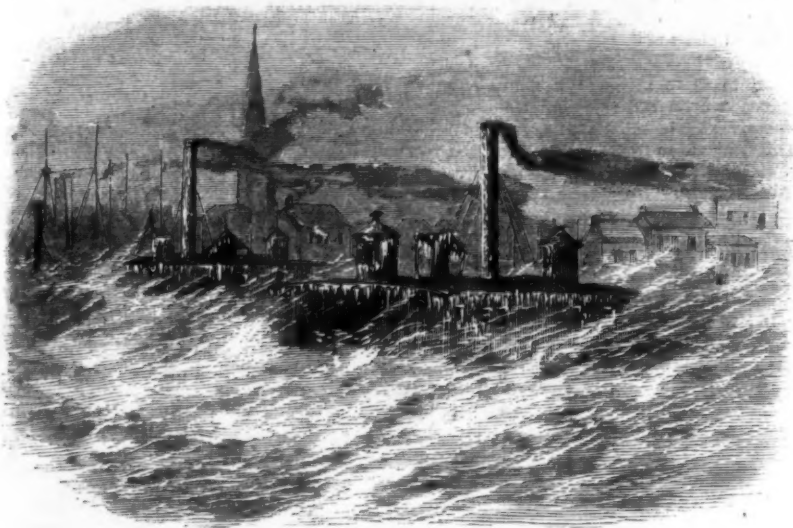
Specie Payments.

THE tone of the President's Message, the tenor of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and perhaps some other causes less

obvious, have sent up the prices of American securities abroad, and this, in conjunction with the introduction in Congress of a bill, by Mr. Morrell, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to fund such portion of Govern-

ment issues as he may think proper, have put down the price of gold, and promise to send it to a still lower figure. It is clear, and in this the Secretary of the Treasury receives the hearty support of all reflecting men, that the

policy of the Government is directed to the absorption of the surplus issue of Government notes. This may add, or appear to add, to the total of our interest-bearing debt, but it will tend to bring back prices to the gold



SCENE ON THE RIVER—THE FERRYBOAT.



FROZEN TO DEATH IN BAXTER STREET.



NEW YORK STREET SCENE, MONDAY, JANUARY 8TH.
THE COLD SNAP.

standard or nearly there. We are now sending abroad our securities to pay for things which we really do not require, and which, for the most part, are only articles of luxury, at the rate of 66 cents on the dollar! That is to say, we are getting for our six per cent. gold interest bonds, but 66 cents on the dollar, while the British three per cent. consols fetch 88 and 90 cents! This ruinous traffic must cease. We are squandering the best securities on earth, based on the honor and faith of the nation, mortgages on the entire soil, industry and enterprise of the country, for one-third of the value received by Great Britain for her issues, based on one-fiftieth part of our available resources! We are told that the contraction of the currency, and the approximation of values to the specie standard, will unsettle business, perturbate commerce, disarrange operations in stocks, ruin importers who believe more in our follies than our prudence, and generally create what is called a "crisis." Very well. Let it come! If we cannot awake out of our fatal slumber without a shock, then let us have the shock! If the train cannot be wheeled upon the track again, except at a sacrifice of some sort, by all means let us make that sacrifice, and start evenly once more on our career of substantial prosperity and real greatness.

The present prices of commodities of all kinds are purely fictitious, calculated as they are upon a fluctuating and undefinable standard. We want them reduced to an equilibrium, and to their true relations. Let people reflect for a moment. We are paying away, as already said, our national securities, the best and intrinsically the most valuable in the world, at one-third discount, and we get in return—what? "Bogus" champagne, French fripperies and German gewgaws! Things that after a few weeks or months disappear and leave nothing behind them. The men who exchange their paste and gilding for our national bonds, become pensioners on the bone and sinew of our country, and establish a mortgage on the very heart's blood of the nation! The accruing interest on our obligations, which should be dispensed at home and retained in the country, as matters are going, will be paid abroad, and establish a constant drain on our wealth.

Let our currency be curtailed and brought to a specie standard, and we shall find the reckless extravagance of the day materially checked, the exportation of our promises to pay stopped, and an equilibrium established between our exports and imports. The panders to popular folly may suffer, but it will be under the general verdict of "served them right."

We hope that Congress will give speedily to the Secretary of the Treasury the power proposed by the bill of Mr. Morrill.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Monroe Doctrine Before the People.

MR. SEWARD, in a letter to Mr. Bigelow, our Minister in Paris, dated no longer than the 6th of last September, gives him, among the reasons why the French Emperor should speedily retire from Mexico, that, with the subsidence of public interest in our domestic affairs, consequent on the close of the war, "it may be reasonably anticipated that henceforth the Congress of the United States, and the people, in their primary assemblies, will give a very large share of attention to questions of an extraneous character, and chief among these is likely to be that of our relations toward France with regard to Mexico."

Events are rapidly justifying Mr. Seward's anticipations. The number and tenor of the resolutions which have been introduced in Congress, bearing on the Mexican question,

evinced the interest taken in it by the representatives of the people, and their impatience at the prolongation of the French intervention. Outside of Congress this impatience manifests itself, not alone through the press, but through public assemblages of most significant and decided character. Commerce, it has been said, is always cowardly and seldom patriotic. But even here, in New York, where its conservative influence is strongest, the people have spoken, "in their primary capacity," on the absorbing question of the day, and in language that cannot be misunderstood.

The great "Monroe Doctrine Vindication Meeting," at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 6th Jan., was the first, we believe, ever held for the single purpose of supporting the Monroe Doctrine in principle and practice. As such it is invested with special importance. It is the initiation of a movement which promises to spread all over the country, and have an important bearing on our politics. Since the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, in 1823, although it has been always accepted as embodying the sentiment and defining the policy of our people, it has never, or until lately, been called into practical application. It was, it is true, the basis of our successful opposition to the attempts of the English to build up the so-called "Mosquito Kingdom," and to organize the "Colony of the Bay Islands" out of the territory of the republic of Honduras. Our opposition to these attempts was, however, mainly urged upon other grounds, and our success can hardly be claimed as a clear vindication of the Monroe Doctrine as a rule of our policy. Now, however, it comes up in a direct and distinct shape. We are put precisely in the position where we must confess that it is one of the "glittering generalities" of which we have heard, a deception to ourselves and a fraud towards others, or a just and vital rule of action, founded on the judgment of the nation, to be sustained by every consideration of honor and interest, and enforced, if need be, by the whole power of the country.

It is proper, therefore, on an issue so important as this, that the people should speak in their primary capacity. Their doing so involves no reflection on the Government, or those whose immediate duty it is to administer it. On the contrary, such meetings, beside indicating what all republican governments should be most anxious to know, the real state of public sentiment, serve to strengthen the Executive arm, and give additional force to its action. If Mr. Seward could have placed the French Emperor among the people who filled the great hall of the Cooper Institute on the occasion we have referred to, he would have done more to cure him of his Mexican madness, than could be effected through a hundred reams of correspondence however able. It would have enabled him to see that the "Monroe Doctrine" is a cardinal principle in the political creed of the American people, and that its enforcement is a necessary consequence of their convictions—as much so as the vindication of the integrity of the country proved itself to be during the late terrible war.

And if the President of the United States had been present, he would have discovered, and rejoiced in the discovery, that in all he may do, or feel disposed to do, to destroy or drive out the invaders of our sister republic in their crusade against free institutions, he will have the steady, unflinching support of the people—a support accorded, because, as we have said, the "Monroe Doctrine" commends itself to their judgment and appeals to their sympathies. The people are in earnest in this matter, and their temper and purposes should not be mistaken, either by our own or foreign governments. The interests of peace will best be promoted by discerning the depth and strength of the popular current before the gathering volume shall burst the limits of control.

The resolutions of the Cooper Institute meeting were strong but dispassionate, and fairly express the matured sentiment of the country, and as the question to which they refer is now the most important one before the public, and likely to increase in interest, we subjoin those general in their character:

Whereas, It was early declared, with a solemnity becoming the enunciation of a great principle, by a President of the United States, whose life to immortality and the gratitude of mankind was secured by his enunciation, that the American Continent, by the free and independent positions which they had assumed and maintained, were thenceforward not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power, and that any attempt by European Powers to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be considered as dangerous to our peace and safety;" and Whereas, It was equally declared that any interposition by any European Power, for the purpose of oppressing the Republics of America, whose independence the United States had, with great consideration and just principles, acknowledged, or for the purpose of, in any way, controlling their destinies, would be viewed as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States; and Whereas, in open contempt of the principles thus early laid down, France has interfered to oppress our sister Republic of Mexico, and to control its destiny against the choice of its people; and Whereas, Spain has interfered to extend her system over Hayti, and is now interfering to oppress the Republics of Chile and Peru; therefore, Resolved, That the United States be bound, by her traditions, by every consideration of honor and dignity, by her plighted faith to the Republics of America, for the sake of her safety, peace, prosperity and renown, to vindicate the great principles enunciated by Monroe, in

all parts of this continent, and to establish, if necessary by force of arms, that America belongs to Americans, and is consecrated to republican institutions.

Resolved, That by the promulgation of the "Monroe Doctrine," and its constant indorsement, we have assumed a responsibility towards our sister Republics, and an obligation to defend and protect them which it would be cowardly and dishonorable to neglect or repudiate.

Resolved, That the worn-out diplomacy of European Cabinets is incompatible with and unworthy of the genius of American institutions; and that our statesmanship should be based at all times, not upon craft and double dealing, but on frank acknowledgment of other nations' rights, and a firm determination to maintain our own.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' National Union League of Washington has issued an address, urging all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors to preserve their discharge papers, and not to part with them to speculators for any sum. This advice is very important, and has the official endorsement of Hon. J. Broadhead, Second Comptroller, who has addressed a communication to the Paymaster-General, as follows:

"It has been brought to my notice that certain claim agents are advertising that they are engaged in the collection of extra bounty, from \$200 to \$300, for soldiers who enlisted in 1861 and 1862, and all other times when only \$100 was paid, and are thus fraudulently obtaining possession of soldiers' discharge papers. In no cases, except that of veterans, has the extra bounty referred to been authorized, nor can it be paid without further legislation, and it is very important that soldiers should not part with their discharges through a misrepresentation of their rights. I would, therefore, respectfully suggest the propriety of giving official notice that, in no case, except as above, is a soldier, who enlisted prior to June 25th, 1863, entitled to more than \$100 bounty."

In reply to a question of the House of Representatives, inquiring why Jefferson Davis is confined, and why he is not brought to trial, the Secretary of War explains that Jefferson Davis is held on charges of treason, of inciting the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and of starving Union prisoners of war; that the President desired to have him first tried for treason, and that the Attorney-General advised Virginia as the most proper place for such trial, but that the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court declines to hold a court within the limits of that circuit.

In the debate, in the House of Representatives, on the question of extending to negroes the right of suffrage, Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, said:

"Three thousand five hundred and forty-nine black men marched from this District in defense of our country. They were true to the Government, and why should we not be true to them? According to the census of 1860, there were 14,316 persons of color in this District, since which time the number has been increased. They owned \$1,250,000 worth of real estate. Their church property is valued at \$125,000. The 21 churches are supported at a cost of \$21,000. There are 4,300 communicants. The average church attendance is 9,000 persons. They have schools, literary and charitable institutions, and 4,000 can read and write."

Mr. Kelley remarked that the President had personally assured him he was in favor of negro suffrage in the District, as well as in Tennessee.

THE following important resolution passed the House of Representatives, a few days ago, by a vote of 94 yeas to 37 nays:

Resolved, That in order to the maintenance of the national authority and the protection of loyal citizens of the several States, it is the sense of the House that the military forces of the Government should not be withdrawn from those States until the two Houses of Congress shall have ascertained and declared that their further presence there is no longer necessary.

A KEEN-WITTED merchant, who liked his cups, somewhat surprised his solicitous friends by yielding to them and signing a temperance pledge. But, to their horror, they saw no change in his ways, and reproved and remonstrated as in duty bound. He defended his honor, and to wipe off all stain produced the document which he had signed, and showed that it was invalid, as it was without an internal revenue stamp.

NOTHING can better illustrate the industry and thrift, as well as the general competence of the people of Massachusetts, than a single fact stated by Gov. Bullock, in his late message to the Legislature of that State, viz.: that the number of depositors in the savings banks of the commonwealth is nearly 300,000, and the amount of the deposits \$60,000,000.

ADMIRAL DAVIS, Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory, reports the discovery of a new comet, on the night of January 5th, as follows:

"From observations with the equatorial, the following place was obtained by Mr. James Ferguson, assistant astronomer:

M. T. W. R. A. Dec.
Jan. 5, 1866. R. 15m. 9.9s. 23h. 32m. 29.89s. 52° 29' 5.07"
"The comet is round, of about two minutes (2) of arc in diameter, with a slight condensation at the centre."

THE literary tendencies of the Southern States seem to have been stimulated, rather than repressed, by the war. A Georgia paper tells us:

"The disposition to read new books, as now displayed in the South, is unexampled. All manner of books are purchased eagerly and read with avidity. Poetry, which a few years ago would have remained on the shelves of bookstores until cobwebs had thickened over the covers, is now brought up and read with a ready ear; and works of fiction, no matter how weak and stale, and some tender female to weep over the hap and mishaps of their ill-conceived heroines. "We are glad to see this evident bearing of the public mind. An epoch of book-making is the happiest one in the history of a nation. It is significant of wealth and prosperity. It shows that the minds of the people are turned away from golden idols, and are seeking food for mental culture. It evinces the fact that the war and its concomitant train are no longer blinding the public mind; but that all are willing to come up and feed at the same intellectual stall, and labor together for the propagation of an era of letters in our national history. Let us have it."

MR. BARNUM is responsible for the following story, which appears in his History of Humbug:

"It is said that a Yankee tin pedlar, who had frequently cheated most of the people in the vicinity of a New England village, through which he was passing, was induced, by some of the acute ones, to join them in a drinking bout. He finally became stone drunk; and in that condition these wags carried him to a dark, rocky cave, near the village; then, drawing themselves in

raw-head-and-bloody-bones style, awaited his return to consciousness. As he began rousing himself, they lighted some huge torches, and also set fire to some bundles of straw and three or four rolls of hay, which they had placed in different parts of the cavern. The pedlar rubbed his eyes, and seeing and smelling all these evidences of Pandemonium, concluded he had died, and was now partaking of his final doom. But he took it very philosophically, for he complacently remarked to himself: "In hell—just as I expected!"

GEN. PALMER made an address to upwards of four thousand emancipated slaves in Louisville, Ky., on the 1st of January. Alluding to the systematic attempts to force the freedmen to work at a low rate of wages, he justly remarked: "He that compels the black man to work for half price compels the white man to do the same. The interests of the black man are therefore the interests of every white man in the country." Every combination to control the price of labor is radically wrong. Let labor command in the market what it will fetch. Every man who works is interested that the law of supply and demand shall not be interfered with.

TOWN GOSSIP.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe," from 30 degrees below zero to 40 above, is about as much of a change as human nature has a right to expect, or is willing to bear within 48 hours, and yet that is what New York has had to bear during the past week. One day Broadway is frozen and deserted, save and except by some solitary pedestrian, who travels at a dog-trot, and doth perpetually blow his fingers; and the next it is blooming in the beauty of an Indian summer, and crowded by lovely women and children, almost rejecting their furs.

The relief from this terribly cold weather—of the effects of which we give some relation in another column—none can estimate save those who have experienced it. We have our doubts whether it was not hailed with genuine joy by every living creature, except corner grocery men, who, of course, felt that the sudden changes kept them too busy changing prices. The cold snap, instead of having the same effect on their goods that it had on all inanimate things, making them a degree smaller, produced exactly the contrary effect. They instantly dilated, and half a peck of potatoes that, with the thermometer at 40, would not be charged at over 25 cents, instantly, on the fall of the instrument to zero, swelled to 35 cents, and all things else, especially coal, in the same ratio. The result of this very singular operation of the weather is that thousands, as soon as the weather grows cold are pinched by it, and, in return, pinch themselves. The stout laborer, who has been wont to solace himself at noon with a good dinner and a warm stove, finds his viands sadly cut down both in quantity and quality, and the heat cut off. This is not apt to add to his working qualities, to his health, or his good humor; but, if it did not occur, how could Teutonic and Milesian corner grocers grow rich and run for aldermen? That's the question.

The consequence of this cold weather has been skating of every degree. All the ponds are frozen to that emphatic degree, that it is much doubted whether the sport cannot be followed straight through the next summer.

The Central Park comes first, of course, and on its frozen waters somewhere about 20,000 people per day display themselves, and freeze their fingers and toes to the poetry of motion, while on the drive thousands of gay vehicles dash along, or land their fair cargoes on the ponds. The Central Park is growing daily as a resort, and when it becomes double its present age with the same rate of progression, we wager that it will be the fastest and most brilliant spot in the world—if it is not already so. This is what a country friend writes home about it, after a study of a few weeks. Parsons and parsons' wives may be seen there in "fashionable" "drags," putting "three-minute" and "two-forty" horses to the very top of their trotting speed, wheel-and-wheel with fast actresses; and rich philanthropists, who profess to believe that the Republic owes its salvation to the negro, driven by black fellows with the badge of servitude on their hats and collars, sweep along in the same column with gamblers, and painted women several degrees below the grades of the demimonde. We speak by the card, for we have seen this beautiful moving mosaic half a dozen times within the past month, and are free to say that, so far as outward gaude were concerned, it was difficult to distinguish piety and philanthropy from profligacy and plunder-mongery, or the professional fast women from the virtuous matrons and maidens who vied with them in the theatrical style of their costumes and surroundings.

To return to skating, we have not only the Central Park Ponds, but a dozen of others about the city, while in the city a feature has been made by flooding St. John's Park, in Hudson street, and charging a trifling sum for admission, which we take it is the perquisite of the park-keeper for keeping the place in order. It is a safe place to lean on.

It is a supposable case that while this extreme cold weather lasts, neither the people nor the authorities will think for an instant of the coming cholera, for coming it surely is as certainly as warm weather comes. There are a hundred things to correct, but a few that are imperative. Among these we class slaughter houses, and our attention has been especially called to them from an account we read in a Chicago paper of the building of an abattoir or general slaughter-house in that city. Though the Chicago people have given into the hands of one firm, or company, the charge of these abattoirs, a course of which we do not approve, yet even with this disadvantage it is so much better than our way that even that were worthy. Among all the nuisances and dangers of our streets none are greater than cattle-driving and slaughtering. A neighborhood infested by those slaughter houses is not fit for human dwellings, and none but the extreme poor will inhabit houses in the vicinity. We have never yet known one of them to be kept clean, and while they destroy the physical health of a neighborhood, they also destroy its moral prosperity. The killing of the animals has a horrible charm for the children, and during the slaughter on visiting the slaughter houses at such a time it will be always found that a dozen or a score of the little ones are gathered, gazing with intense and horrified eyes on the struggles of the dying animals. We hardly believe that such a sight can improve them, any more than the presence of these pest houses can improve our chances of avoiding the cholera. There is one more thing we would mention in connection with this, which is that the cholera was first propagated in the east by the stench arising from the decaying offal of animals slaughtered by religious devotees.

Last week in our illustrated items, we gave an instance of "one of those murders out of the pale of the law;" or, in other words, murders which the law cannot take notice of as such. We will give here one or two more instances that have happened within the past week and are happening every day. This paragraph we take from a daily paper:

POISONED BY THE USE OF MUSTY FLOUR.—Information was lodged with the Health Officer yesterday, to the effect that an entire family, residing at No. 236 Columbia street, had been poisoned by the use of musty flour bought at a neighboring grocery store. The members—five in number—were taken sick with dysentery; two

recovered, and one child died, and two are still down with the sickness.

This is only one child died! but there are hopes that the other two will die; and yet, in the face of this fact, we do not hear even the name of the wretch who sold this flour and committed a murder for the sake of making perhaps five cents.

Then we have another case, showing the horrors of an emigrant ship. We will take this also from the daily press accounts:

HORRIBLE TALE OF SUFFERING.—Criminal Neglect of a Passenger at Sea.—Coroner's Investigation.—Verdict against the Surgeon of the Neptune.—Coroner Gover, assisted by Deputy Coroner Beach, yesterday investigated one of the most revolting cases of neglect and suffering ever brought before the authorities. It appears that the emigrant ship Neptune, of the Liverpool Black Ball Line, Capt. Knott W. P. Abdy, from Liverpool, arrived in the harbor on Wednesday. All of the passengers except Mrs. Mary A. Gilroy, 25 years of age, were landed at the Battery. This woman, who was delivered of a still-born child, on the 9th inst., was left on the vessel between decks, without attention of any kind. She was not provided with clean clothing or fire. The cold was so intense that her wet clothing was frozen to her body, and her premature offspring was left lying at her side. The ship was taken to the foot of Beckman street, East river, when officer Daniels, on Wednesday afternoon, learned of the condition of the poor woman. Capt. DeCamp, of the 2d Precinct Police, laid the matter before the Commissioners of Emigration, and Mrs. Gilroy was removed from between decks to the cabin. On Wednesday night, a nurse was sent to the ship to stay with the woman. Medical attendance was also secured. Yesterday Deputy Coroner John Beach made an examination of the woman, and found that her lower limbs were frozen to the knees, and insensible to the touch. Her nose was also frost-bitten. Dr. Beach believes that her recovery is impossible. Coroner Gover having empaneled a jury, several witnesses were examined, who testified to the above facts. The case was then submitted to the jury, and a verdict rendered censuring Dr. J. C. Herrick, the ship's surgeon, for neglecting to properly attend Mrs. Gilroy during her confinement. Dr. Herrick left for his home at Southampton, L. I., yesterday. Coroner Gover has issued a warrant for his arrest.

Do we have any faith that this doctor or the captain of the ship will be punished? Not a bit! They will be held to bail, perhaps, in a couple of thousand dollars, and that will be the last of it, even though the woman dies.

Ah! we are a great people, a busy people, and a Christian people!

The theatrical item of the week has been the re-appearance of Mr. John Owens at the Broadway Theatre. Mr. Owens having made his great hit in "The People's Lawyer," a play in which there was only one character and no construction. This character is Solon Shingle, and though the same play, and the same character, has been done for a series of years, and by a series of actors, yet it has never attracted real attention until Mr. John Owens introduced it to the New York public, and made it entirely his own, playing it 170 consecutive nights. Mr. Owens then transported Solon Shingle to England, where he was received by the intellectual portion of the public with the highest order of approbation, but they instantly disassociated Solon from the play, and emphatically condemned the latter as the New York public would have done if they had not a habit of swallowing everything dramatic that is offered them, without distinction. The result of this disassociation was that Mr. Owens undertook the reconstruction of the play, and we are forced to say in so doing has not bettered it. Many of the most telling points have been altered, and the play—as we opine—having been jobbed by an Englishman, has words and ideas not recognized among us. Of the first we would simply say that we call an obligation to pay money a note, not a bill, and that we do not know such an official as a *baillif*. There are many other points that are equally bad. We see no relief for them but for Mr. Owens to call on the dramatic writers of this country, if there are any such, and have a play that, while it is really good, will show the capabilities he possesses in such a high degree.

It is needless to say that Solon was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and that the theatre is crowded every night to its greatest capacity, and will be, without doubt, for at least three months to come.

The Calceolion Club, the representative of the Scots in this country, gave a brilliant ball at the City Assembly Rooms on the night of the 11th inst. It was emphatically one of the affairs of the season, and especially showy from the display of the beautiful Scottish costumes. The opening of the ball, and the entrance of the club is something that once seen will hardly be forgotten.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The people of Gloucester, Massachusetts, intend to erect a "Memorial Hall" in honor of the soldiers from that town who have fallen during the war. It is proposed to expend \$20,000 upon a building having in it a hall, to be let for public uses, the net proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers and to the aid of returned soldiers in destitute circumstances.

The Chicago papers publish broadsides of the year's statistics of trade and commerce. The following items are interesting: The money expended on buildings in 1865 was \$6,900,000. The total valuation of property is \$64,709,177, and the tax levied is \$1,294,000. The lumber receipts were 614,000 feet, exclusive of shingles, laths and telegraph poles. The wool receipts were 7,690,000 pounds; hides, 18,000,000; lake fish, 95,000 packages; coal, 346,000 tons; flour, 1,186,000 barrels, and wheat, 9,465,000 bushels.

A company of gentlemen in Providence have organized the "Narragansett Club," which is an association of persons "interested in the preservation and dissemination of an early literature not easily accessible to general readers," and that it proposes to reprint several of the rare books relating to Rhode Island and other parts of New England. The first work undertaken is a new edition of the writings of Roger Williams; to be followed by reprints of the works of John Cotton, George Fox and John Clarke.

The Secretary of War, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, has furnished the following statement of the number of volunteers called for by the President at various periods:

State.	Aggregate.	Aggregate reduced to three yr's standard.
Maine.....	71,745	66,598
New Hampshire.....	54,608	50,827
Vermont.....	35,265	29,062
Massachusetts.....	151,785	123,844
Rhode Island.....	23,711	17,878
Connecticut.....	87,270	80,514
New York.....	455,568	380,980
New Jersey.....	79,511	55,785
Pennsylvania.....	366,326	267,588
Delaware.....	15,561	10,303
Maryland.....	49,790	30,692
West Virginia.....	30,603	27,653
District of Columbia.....	16,972	11,504
Ohio.....	317,133	239,976
Indiana.....	195,148	152,283
Illinois.....	258,217	212,694
Michigan.....	90,119	60,865
Wisconsin.....	95,128	78,985
Minnesota.....	25,094	19,675
Iowa.....	75,960	65,192
Missouri.....	108,778	86,192
Kentucky.....	76,540	70,348
Kansas.....	20,697	18,664
Total.....	3,763,062	3,129,041

A merchant in Pittsburgh, Pa., by the name of Shaw, stands charged with having caused the abduction of his wife and her confinement in a lunatic asylum, on the plea that she was insane and dangerous. By some means he obtained the certificates of two physicians to that effect, and a few days since, had the police seize her, and, despite the heartrending cries of the helpless

woman, she was forced into the street cars and hurried to the asylum.

The different railroad companies at St. Louis, Mo., have commenced running their huge four-horsed omnibuses, loaded with passengers, across the Mississippi river, on the ice. The event is interesting as one which does not occur in many years. There is no doubt that if iron tracks were laid, the steam locomotive could cross with equal safety.

The total amount of naval captures reaches \$30,000,000 in value. One-half of this goes to Government, and the other divided among officers and seamen. The average per man is but \$120, whereas, in the matter of bounties to soldiers, the average has been nearly \$1,000 per man, and about \$700,000,000 have been expended in bounties alone.

The Salt Island of Anse, in the parish of Saint Mary's, Louisiana, and which has been as serviceable to the rebels during the war, contains about 2,000 acres of pure rock salt lying at an average depth from the surface of 16 feet and of great thickness. The island is surrounded by Vermillion Bay through which vessels of 1,500 tons burthen can approach it.

William P. Coolidge and David D. Howes, two conductors on the Metropolitan Horse Railroad in Boston, were arrested last week, the former on a charge of embezzling 40 cents, and the latter 60 cents, from the funds of the company. Coolidge was discharged, and Howes was fined \$15 and costs, from which sentence he appealed and gave bonds to prosecute his appeal.

A couple in Litchfield county, Conn., had lived together for ten years, supposing themselves married. Difficulties have arisen, one applied to the court for a divorce. Upon investigation it was found out that they had never been legally married. Like sensible people, they gave up the idea of a divorce and were married.

The Secretary of the Treasury has signed a warrant in favor of Mrs. Lincoln for the sum of \$25,000, less the amount drawn for his salary in March last.

Practical Science—and especially Chemistry and Geology as applied to Agriculture—has lost a useful and zealous champion in James J. Mapes, who died in New York, January 10th.

Massachusetts sent 159,165 troops to the war, spent \$27,705,109, paid interest on all her bonds promptly in gold, has her treasury amply provided for, and her credit unsurpassed, if equaled, by that of any State or of the Nation.

Secretary Stanton has applied to Congress for an appropriation of \$100,000 to purchase Ford's Theatre, to be fitted up for the custody of papers relating to sick or wounded soldiers during the rebellion, and to hospitals, and the operations of the medical and surgical departments of the army.

The Petersburg (Va.) Express says: "Butler's celebrated tower near Bermuda Hundreds, from which, for so many months, lynx-eyed sentinels pried into the movements of the Confederate troops, was sold at public auction for the sum of \$5. There were at least 30 cords of good timber in the structure."

Peter Kasser, of Waukesha, Wis., killed himself by drinking whiskey that had stood in a copper kettle several days, at Plum Creek. He died in half an hour, and a man who drank with him died in an hour, and his wife, who drank but little, came near dying.

A Charleston editor, having received from a Northern city a proposition to publish certain advertisements and take his pay in hoop skirts, replies, that "Hoop skirts will not cover our nakedness. Perhaps if you were to make some proposal to accompany them with cloth sufficient to fill up the interstices, they might be made serviceable."

The latest sensation in Chicago, Ill., is the elopement of a young and pretty married woman with two married men, either old enough to be her father. These Lotharios sold their families into beggary, and borrowed several thousand dollars of their friends.

Some relics of slavery still remain in the South. A few days ago five negroes, convicted of various petty crimes, were placed in a chain-gang and set to work on the public streets. The authorities, however, declare they will serve white and black offenders alike.

The selling of colored people in Delaware for a term of years, as a punishment for crime, the Wilmington Republic says: "is now a fact. Four persons were sold a few days since, and brought from 12 to 16 cents each, and their purchasers immediately let them go."

The Insurance Companies of Montreal have given each member of the fire police of that city, a free policy of insurance for \$1,000, and to that they have added the promise of \$5 each per week in case of accident received at fires. This is for their good conduct as firemen.

In Boston there are in full operation 14 large gambling establishments and many minor ones, the annual profits from which to the proprietors are estimated at from \$300,000 to \$500,000.

Miss Hanna J. Duke, the Iowa giantess, weighing 585 pounds, was married in Philadelphia, to a Mr. Rein, who weighs 140 pounds. The Siamese twins were the groomsmen.

A little brochure has been issued at Paris, at the low price of 50 centimes (10 cents), giving a history of the popular subscription in Paris to the Lincoln medal. From this we learn that it is intended to present the medal to Mrs. Lincoln on the 14th of April, 1866, the anniversary of the assassination. The brochure is entitled *La Medaille de la Liberté*, and contains, besides the narrative and correspondence in relation to the medal, a biography of the late President.

A new song announced in London is, *The Vanquished Banner*—a Song of the South. The music is by Sir Henry Smart.

Several extremely curious experiments have been made in Paris on the effects of antonic acid (an extract of the flowers of antonia). When a dose of about ten centigrammes is taken, a kind of intoxication is produced, which causes all objects to appear yellow to the patient, and when about fifty-centigrammes are taken, the same objects appear violet-colored.

The total number of papers in England and Wales, on the 1st of July, was 571,291, or 1 in 22 of the population. On the 1st of July, 1864, the corresponding number was 511,577. Of the former number 233,588 were able-bodied persons, exclusive of vagrants.

The London Examiner, in putting in a strong plea for universal suffrage, asks why, in the name of common sense, should mechanics and artisans be excluded? and adds: "We are all for qualifying men by their legitimate avocations, as far as it is possible to do so; and we say, with confidence, that there is more of a moral right to vote acquired by a man out of the profession or handicraft he has spent his youth and time in mastering, than out of any statutable number of bricks, rafters and flags, in the midst of which he may happen to sleep."

A statue of the Empress Josephine is about to be set up in a place in Paris, formed by the junction of the new Boulevard Beunjon and the Avenue Josephine, opposite the bridge of the Alma. The statue is by M. Dubray, and represents the Empress in court costume, having in her right hand a rose, and in her left a miniature of the Emperor, her husband. The statue, with its pedestal, measures nearly 12 feet in height.

The commerce of the world is estimated to require 3,000,000 able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the ocean, of whom 7,500 die every year. The amount of property moved on the water is from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000, and the amount annually lost by the casualties of the sea averages \$25,000,000.

Queen Victoria always sends a gift of £3 to any poor mother in her dominions who may give birth to triplets. The latest successful candidate for the money is the wife of James Gibson, a weaver of Kilbarchan, Scotland.

A Parisian, named Jared, surnamed Jules, has sued a spinster, of high social status, for a complexion bill, the item of which was a dozen of *beauté*, or *Embellishers* of Paris. In the course of the trial, old Jared, a deformed quackish character, stoutly affirmed that his *Embellishers* were used by all the beauties of the

reality, including the Empress. He was snubbed at once, the *beauté* called silence, but the aged enchanter would give his testimony. The thing got into the local reports and *feuilletons*; the Empress's adherents stormed; the Emperor rather liked it; all the public joked and made merry, and now we know where the complexion came from. Ladies, you must needs have recourse to beautifiers, but do not touch ink; it will spatter you.

SLEIGHING.—THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BOTH town and country have their attractions at every season. In the summer they both bloom, and the can't-get-aways have enjoyments among the bricks and mortar during the heats of August, that are hardly surpassed by rustling leaves, murmuring streams, cool breezes and musical birds. In the winter, while the city has its hundred attractions away from home, the country is limited in that line, and is thrown more upon the happy trifles that gather about even the homeliest hearth.

But when the snow and the ice comes, then both town and country are on a level. Then the skates and sleighs come out, and are rubbed-up. The skaters put fresh grease on their elbows, and the rural taverns build good fires, and put their ladders into respectable condition, knowing that they will certainly be subjected to an irruption of sleighers and skaters, and that they always come with dancing, eating and drinking propensities.

Is there one Geth among us that does not look back on the homely country sleigh-ride—that does not remember the straw-filled box, the great coats, blankets, chatting girls, the happy beaux, the flying horses, the waiting supper, the merry music, and so forth, or, as some happy swain has expressed it to his lady-love:

"Sweet Susy Brown! my pretty one!
I'm sure you must remember—
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh-ride in December;
When all the belles and all the beaux,
In spite of frosts would go forth,
And squeeze beneath the buffaloes,
Each others hands, &c."

Can any city get-up sleighing bring the solid enjoyment of that rural jollification? Can all the style of \$5,000 teams, gorgeous sleighs, suppers at Delmonico's, and costly robes, equal it? Never! Education but makes us blasé, and whether we can, after twenty years of city dissipation, again enjoy the homely pleasures of our rural youth or not, we never can forget them. Even the memory of the mishaps have a charm which all the smooth drives of the city cannot equal for a moment.

We, who know that, in twenty-four hours after the fall of even the heaviest snow in and about the city, it will be packed for miles upon miles, and splendidly useable, even for the most delicate navigation, can hardly realize the difficulties that sometimes in an extra snowstorm beset the seekers after sleigh rides in the country. In the town, before enough has fallen to fairly cover the stones, everything that can go upon runners is out, and

"Ringing, swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow,"

Until
"Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
Is trampled and tracked by the crowd—
Trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet rushing by,
Till it blends with the horrible filth of the street,"

Or if not in that state, is well packed and in good going condition anywhere within the bills of mortality, before the flakes have ceased to quiver through the air.

In the country it is different, and the sleighing party must calculate on all the mishaps and difficulties of drifts, depth and heavy loads. They must expect ruts, holes, sweeping winds, and an occasional upset, if not an absolute snowing up, and a necessity to lay by until aid can be had, or the fall is over, all of which only adds to the zest of the affair. But in good time come the days when the roads are fairly broken, and then the music of the jingling bells is heard from hill to valley, and the merry laugh goes up on the frosty air or the moonlight, and many a contract for life is made under the buffaloes, or by the bridges, under the stimulation of taking toll. Bless the inventor of snow, and, secondly, the inventor of sleighing.

Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT has been very successful before the "Press Club" of Philadelphia. He drew a crowded house. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says this of him:

"Last evening, at the Assembly Buildings, a large audience greeted Stephen Massett, Esq., in his lecture delivered under the auspices of the Press Club. As 'James Pipes, of Pipeville,' his serio-comic address on 'Dribbling About; or, Sketches of Travels on Many Lande,' replete with anecdotes, puns and witticisms, was heartily received, liberally cheered and loudly laughed at.

"The lecturer humorously described the many disadvantages under which he labored in submitting his address to his friends. Each criticised it from his own standpoint, and he was well nigh distracted in trying to reconcile their different views, but was now satisfied to trust it to the verdict of the public.

"He had traveled throughout the many points of interest in the world, and perpetrated various practical jokes therein. He had been fond, always, of the sea, and of all those who came to see him. The first thing in sailing, was to leave the anchor, and it was strange that a ship should begin to move by having the heaves. A whistle, a toll of the bell on board a ship, and we are now off; not like the old time, when the old tars sang their songs to the hoisting of the anchor, and the discordant orders of the officers broke in upon their voices.

"The speaker happily portrayed the proceedings of a meeting, held in California, to take into consideration the present state of the nation's troubles. The various speakers were humorously described, and their characteristics of voice and manner were given with laughable effect. The question was finally put, but he might as well try to explain it here as to pick out from a congressional speech the subject before the House.

"The touching poems of 'Beautiful Snow,' and 'The Vagabonds,' were recited with pathetic and impressive effect.

"Twelve years ago he had started for San Francisco, that great city which, in his boyhood, had no buildings and no name, and found its streets lined with warehouses, and business spreading abroad its many interests. What would not the Pacific Railroad make of it! Imitations of Madame Anna Bishop and Edwin Forrest, in contrast with the reading of the sorrowful death of Joe, in Bleak House, vividly showed the great powers of imitation the speaker possessed. Their illustration of different emotions will serve as an index of the unconnected, diversified materials of which the discourse consisted, flavored with stories and ballads."

Mr. B. S. OSBORN, who will be remembered as the naval editor of the New York *Herald*, has again opened his Bureau of Maritime and Naval Information, at No. 127 Nassau street. The aim of the bureau is to furnish reliable facts, dates and all information pertaining to the Navy, Mercantile Marine and Revenue Service. It proposes to answer all questions about individuals that are or have been in the service, and to render all aid to such as have claims on the Government growing from the navy. To reach this information or assistance, a fee of one dollar must be remitted. We think the institution is needed, and will fill a known void.

JONES is a strong believer in guardian angels. "If it were not for them," he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are fast asleep?"

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

No. 1.—The Blanchette paletot of gray cloth defines closely the figure. It is trimmed with three rows of narrow galoon, headed with a row of loops formed of the same galoon. The trimming is put on so as to simulate revers in front and so 'as to form pockets on the sides.

No. 2.—The Ural paletot is a tight fitting black cloth, with two seams down the centre of the back, united by cord, terminating in tassels. The trimming consists of a bias band of black silk put on in waves, stitched with the machine.

Nos. 3, 4 and 5, are Evening dresses, from the establishment of Madame McKeague, 105 Brevoort Place 10th street, New York.

No. 3 is a skirt of white illusion, ornamented to the waist with graduated puffs, separated by rows of narrow ponceau velvet. The tunic is also of illusion, bordered with rich chantilly lace, headed by a band of ponceau satin. At the back is a sash with three pointed ends of ponceau satin, edged with narrow lace. They are graduated in width and are lined



1. THE BLANCHETTE PALETOT.



2. THE URAL PALETOT.

those upon the skirt. The front of the corsage is open in the shape of a V, and is composed of illusion. Tiny fan-shaped sleeves, with a few flowers on one shoulder, make up a toilet unique in its daintiness and purity.

Nos. 6 and 7.—Back and front of the Parepa paletot. It is made of a superior quality of cloth and defines, without fitting closely to the figure. It is trimmed up both back and front, as well as around the bottom, on the shoulders and sleeves, with fringe of two widths, and also with wide and narrow beaded galoon. Tassels ornament the garment, which is cut pointed, both front and back, and opens midway up the skirt.

THE COLD SNAP.

CERTAIN portions of the Northern States have just passed through a few days of the most fearful and intense cold that has ever been recorded. When it is understood that in some parts of Vermont and New Hampshire, the thermometer has marked 30 degrees below zero, some estimate may be formed of the terrible suffer



3. SKIRT OF WHITE ILLUSION.

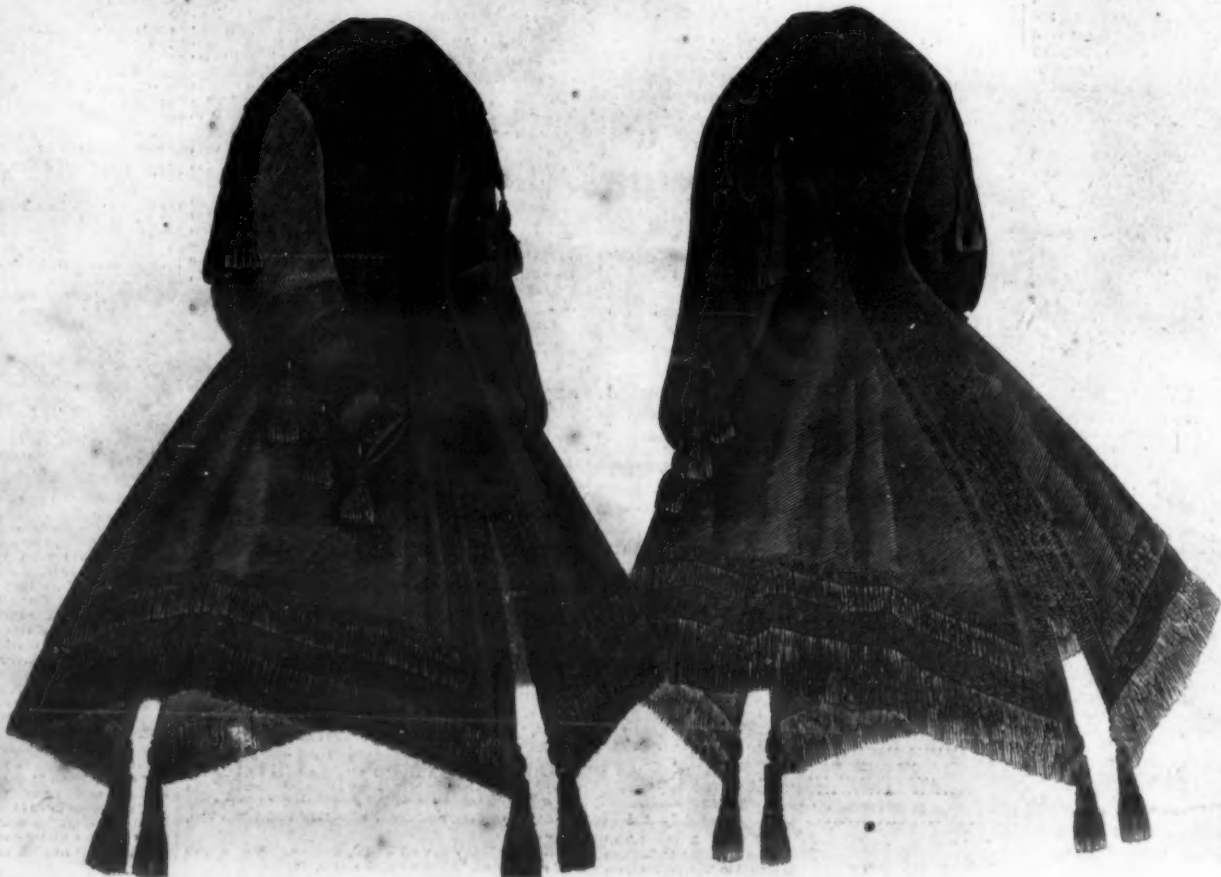
4. SKIRT OF WHITE SILK.

5. WHITE SILK SLIP.

with white satin, edged with narrow lace, headed with a puff of illusion. These ends are turned up, over the tunic, and are kept in place by rich pendant ornaments. Low corsage, with a pointed bertha of illusion edged with narrow lace, headed by a band of ponceau satin. Puffed short sleeves.

No. 4 is a skirt of white silk, edged with a flounce of Cluny guipure. Over-skirt of white tulle, with a gaufered flounce of the same, bound with blue velvet. The flounce is headed with six rows of narrow blue velvet. The corsage, with short basque, is of blue velvet, with long tabs of same falling on both sides of the skirt. The front of the corsage is of tulle, strapped across with blue velvet covered with Cluny inserting, which trimming also forms bretelles and borders the tunic and side tabs. Silver drop buttons edge the latter, and silver tassels on the points of tabs and basque complete this tasteful and elegant toilet.

No. 5 is a white silk slip, covered with a skirt of plain white illusion, with a guffing around the bottom of dotted illusion, kept in place by ruffles of white and mauve silk. Over-skirt of dotted illusion, looped back on one side with an exquisite bouquet of white roses, and on the other by ruffles of white and mauve silk. The corsage and basque are of white silk, edged with lace and headed with a ruche to match



6 AND 7. FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF PAREPA PALETOT.

ing that must have arisen from its intensity.

But it is in a great city like New York that the cold must be experienced to realise the effect. Here, in the midst of our hundreds of thousands of poor, the suffering is the greatest, and yet least heard of. In the late terrible cold there were many deaths, but the most fearful were those where women were the victims. In a house in Baxter street the lowest of city slums, a woman, named Oakley, was left to take charge of a blind female. During the night of the 7th she was stricken, and in the morning was found dead and stiff on the floor, where she had got from her bed. Another case was that of Mrs. Lafferty, in 53d street, who was found frozen and dead, with her baby clasped to her breast, and so stiff that it required the efforts of two men to get the child, which was still living, from her clasp.

Those who were through the night of the 7th and 8th exposed realised it dreadfully. Car and omnibus drivers were especial instances, and there are several recorded cases of their suffering, and through both days even the ordinary pedestrians were awakened to some sense of a North Pole climate, by finding themselves suddenly with frosted feet, hands or faces, and speechless from its intensity. On the ponds, at the Central Park and the neighborhood of the city, the ice forms

solidly in a few hours, and skaters, even in the coldest hours of the following days, flocked in thousands to the sport.

"The oldest inhabitant" asserts that nothing anywhere like it has been known since the night of the great fire in December, 1835, and even then the thermometer only indicated 5 degrees below zero, almost summer heat to the present experience. Such as keep a record declare that the last weather that was of the same grade was in 1806, when the North River froze sufficiently solid to hold teams crossing to the Jersey shore.

In the present case the cold was accompanied by a high wind, and the boats crossing the rivers were, by the flying of the frozen spray, covered with a mass of ice, which, however picturesque it may have been, did not add to the convenience or safety of their voyages.

We believe in the old saying, that "a green Christmas makes a full churchyard," and we pray, in the winter time, for a clear, bracing cold; but the late cold snap is giving us more than we prayed for, and our prayer is now that we may never again have to record such fearful weather as that of the 7th, 8th and 9th of January, 1866.

THE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D., Of St. Stephen's Catholic Church.

A GREAT man and a good has passed away from among us in the person of Dr. Cummings, one of the most popular of the Catholic clergy of New York.

Dr. Cummings was a representative man among the native ministers of the country. Born in April, 1814, at Washington, D. C., he passed, owing to peculiar domestic arrangements, the greater portion of his earliest youth under the immediate control of his mother, and in her society almost exclusively. Having removed to this city, his mother secured for him a preparatory course of training here, and, subsequently, at a college near Nyack, on the Hudson, after which he was sent to Rome, to be thoroughly grounded and cultured in the faith, and fitted, under the auspices of the Propaganda, for the ministry here. It was there that Dr. Cummings laid up that store of theological and practical erudition for which, in later years, he became distinguished. Having graduated with the highest honors, receiving from the Propaganda the honorary degree of D.D., he returned to this country, and was at once stationed, in 1847, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mulberry street. After a long and successful career there, he moved to a school-house, which he had built, on 27th street and Madison avenue, leaving that to erect St. Stephen's Church, on 29th street, of which he continued the pastor until his death.

Dr. Cummings was a plain and practical man. His polemical abilities and powers of rhetoric were universally recognized. He was a thorough Italian scholar and poet, a perfect linguist, an accomplished musician, and familiar as well with the lighter branches of modern science as with the more profound. As a minister and speaker, he was greatly beloved and very popular. Singularly free from bigotry and asceticism, he found friends in the ranks of every denomination and among all classes of men. He was an attractive lecturer, a successful writer, and an intelligent and agreeable composer. He was liberal in his ideas and benevolent in his action, conscientious to a fault and tolerant to a degree. The doctor's aptitude and fondness for music were of great advantage to the church, and resulted in



THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, OF ST. STEPHEN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.

many practical and valuable suggestions concerning church music and ecclesiastical ritual.

Dr. Cummings, who resided at No. 50 East 29th street, had been troubled during the past year with dropsical

tendencies, but was enabled, with comparative ease down to Christmas last, to attend to the duties of his office. A few days since he caught cold, and was somewhat inconvenienced by its consequences, so much so

that on the night of the 2d inst. his friends were greatly alarmed. He was somewhat easier on the next day, and sat in his room surrounded by his family and friends, and Rev. Dr. McGlynn, his assistant. Suddenly, with out an instant's warning, he placed his hands upon his breast, and fell dead before them.

To the poor his loss is irretrievable, and only those who have known him can understand the social void made by his death.

THE GREAT MEETING TO ENDORSE THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

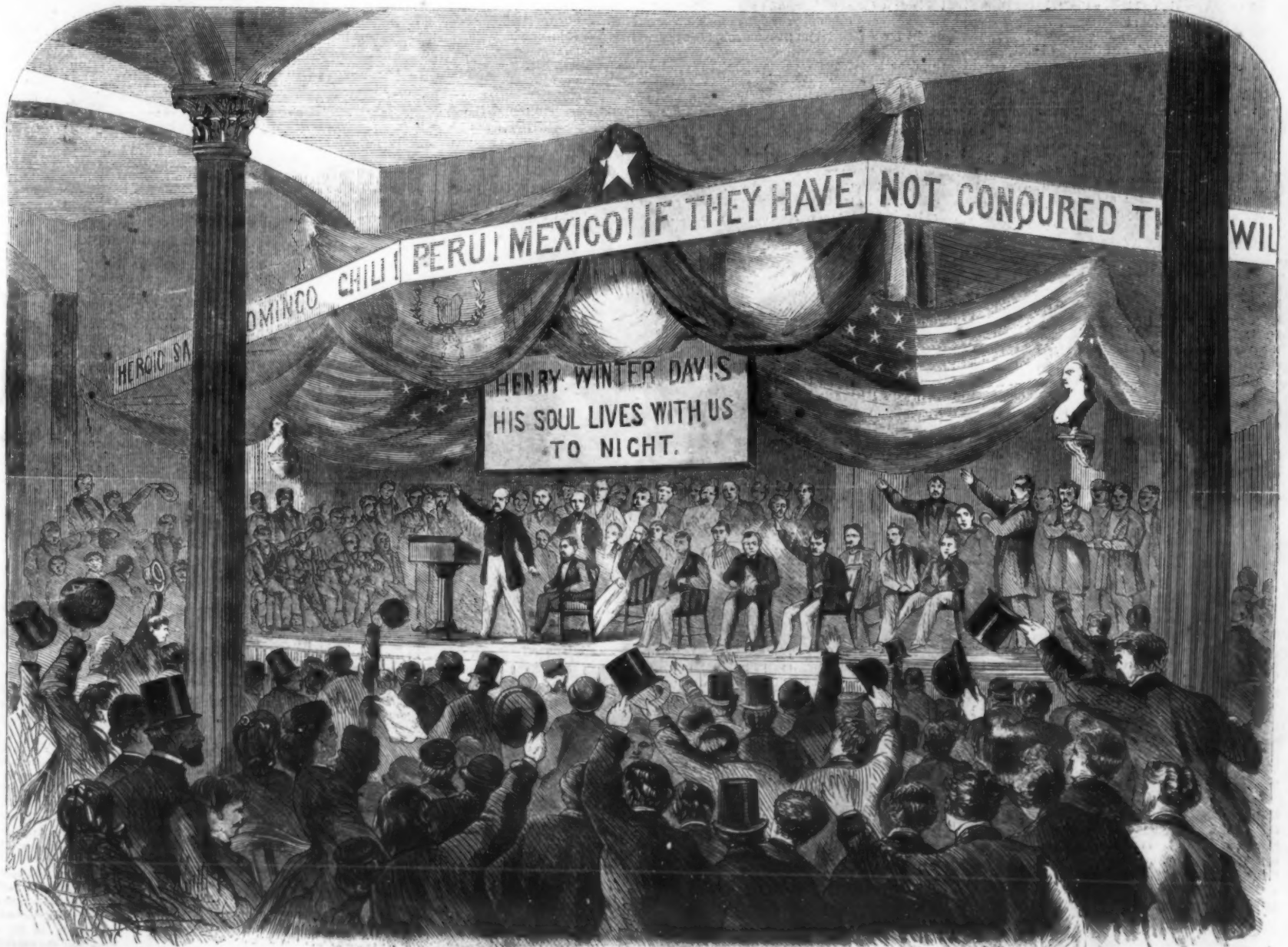
An immense meeting of citizens was held on Saturday evening, the 6th inst., in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, for the purpose of expressing their sympathy with the South American republics, and to give their emphatic support to the Monroe doctrine. The platform was handsomely decorated with the ensigns of the United States and Mexico. A tribute to the memory of Henry Winter Davis, the great advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, appeared on a mourning transparency over the speaker's desk, and above all these, running the entire width of the stage, was a streamer, bearing the following, in bold, black letters: "Heroic Santo Domingo! Chile! Peru! Mexico! If they have not conquered, they will conquer!"

Among those on the platform was Wm. Cullen Bryant, Hon. S. S. Cox, Rev. Joshua Leavitt, Peter Cooper, Hon. E. G. Squier, and others.

Mr. Squier called the meeting to order, and, in the course of his remarks, he paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the late Henry Winter Davis, as the great supporter of the cause of republics on this continent. Wm. Cullen Bryant was made chairman. Speeches were made by Behor Mackenna, Mr. Bryant, Hon. S. S. Cox and Theodore E. Tilton, the sentiments of which were responded to with immense enthusiasm. After which, resolutions of respect to the memory of Henry Winter Davis, who was to have been their chairman, and the meeting adjourned, to meet again at the call of the committee.

It was a most positive proof of the public pulse, that indicated, without a chance of mistake, that the cause is one dear to the American people.

A LITERARY BITER BIT.—Mr. Fields, a London bookseller, is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. It is said that, when any author in the neighborhood is at a loss for a particular passage, he goes at once down to the "book store" for the desired information. One day, at a dinner party, a would-be-wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for the company, announced prior to Mr. Fields' arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began: "Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus:—repeating the lines he had composed—can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiosyncrasy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one." The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.



THE GREAT MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, ON THE EVENING OF SATURDAY, JAN. 6, TO EXPRESS THE SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE SULTAN.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Power, and beauty, and gold are mine.
My seat is the highest, my drink is wine.

The gold and the power were mine by right,
The beauty, I won in Fate's despite.

My cheek grew pale with my soul's disgust;
No heart to love, no friend to trust.

I tore the jewels from brow and wrist;
Diamond and pearl and amethyst.

Flung by the robe of Asian silk,
The gossamer sashes white as milk.

Then smiled to see a Sultan stand,
A seeming tiller of the land.

The day went by, the night came down;
I slipped the palace, I gained the town.

Unknown I walked from street to street,
And found my freedom strangely sweet.

At last I spied a door ajar,
From which a lamp's light, like a star,

Shone out across the summer night,
To guide the expected feet aright.

A sudden fancy fired my brain.
"I am not lord," I said, "in vain."

My right to know who waits within—
So let my night's romance begin.

The threshold crossed, a corridor,
I found, ran straightly on before.

This trod, with cautious feet I stopped,
Before a curtain halfway dropped.

With beating heart, and eyeballs keen,
I peered the amber folds between.

Illih il' Allah! I have lied,
If what I saw I can describe.

Asleep upon a silk divan,
The fairest girl of Ispahan.

And as I gazed, my brain went round—
Whose pearl had I so strangely found?

Whose?—mine, I laughed beneath my breath,
For other claimants—certain death.

I dropped the curtain; gained the street,
And then the palace; never feet

Did better service. Fled an hour.
I had the girl within my power—

My power! oh fool, you cannot take,
The dead within your arms, or make

A statue speak, or kiss, or thrill—
Can only curse, and love it still.

That hour she died, and this, my heart,
Broke when they tore my arms apart

The third morn. Turns the world around.
In vain, since she is in the ground.

Second Marriage.

DEAR MARY, I would have written to you before, but it is only now that I am calm enough, after my great grief—to give you the history of the last year.

Listen! You remember hearing that there was a friend of poor Frank's who stayed with us about three weeks at M—. I may as well describe him to you at once, for he is to be my second husband. I dare say you will think me light and unfeeling when you read this, but you would not long think so, if you could only now look in on my thin pale face and trembling hand. I hate this man, so that it will require an effort to describe him to you impartially.

People call him handsome. I do not know that he is not so; there seems to me to be in his face only mind, soul—something more than earthly, and which terrifies me. He is in the House of Commons, and people make a great fuss about his speeches. I never read them.

This man—Richard Thorne is his name—came to stay with us for two months. My husband was then stationed at M—, and we occupied a pretty little house near the barracks. Mr. Thorne was at first agreeable, and pleasant in his manners and conversation, though there was always something about him so superior to either Frank or me, that I was uncomfortable in his presence—never at ease. Frank used to tease me about it, say "I was in love with this wise man, this philosopher" (he called him) "and that I would end by getting wise myself, and looking down on my poor blundering Captain of Dragoons." But he knew better—he knew that I had never loved any body but him, and never would.

Suddenly Mr. Thorne became very still and grave, and left us at the end of three weeks. I questioned Frank about the reason for his leaving, but he would never tell me—only looked grave when his name was mentioned, and swore that he was the noblest fellow who ever had lived.

It was not till my husband was on his death-bed that I saw him again. I would not believe that Frank was going to die, but he called me to him one day and told me I must promise to marry again. I told him, in a storm of grief and tears, "No, that would never be." Then he reasoned with me—told me how he had run through what little fortune had belonged to him, and I would be

left quite penniless; told me that I could not take up the old business of teaching while I had our little baby to care for.

I would not listen. I said that if God would not let me die too, then I would work for myself, but never would I be the wife of any other man.

At last the doctor said that it was impossible for Frank to recover. I would not believe, even then. I must hurry over the saddest part of my story.

It was twilight in the spring. I had left Mr. Thorne in the sick room. My husband had sent for him as soon as the doctor gave his verdict. I was standing by the open door to breathe the fresh air, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and this man said, "Quick! Come, quick!" Almost before he had time to turn from the door, I was at Frank's bedside.

"Ruth," he said, "where is Thorne?"
"Oh, Frank, I do not know, I am here. You do not want any other one." I felt jealous that he should care to have any one but me near him, but he said again:

"Where is Thorne? Where is Thorne?"
He answered for himself as he came in the door:

"I am here."
There was a hastiness of expression in the man's voice, a kind of trembling expectation. My husband spoke again:

"Ruth, I am dying; promise me that you will be his wife."

"No," I said, "I will never marry."

"Ruth, come here—let me die in peace—promise! promise!"

"Oh, Frank, for God's sake send him away. Let me stay with you alone. I can never, never, marry again!"

"I do not ask you to love him, my poor unprotected darling. Only let him give you his name, his protection. He has loved you so nobly—promise, promise—then I will send him out of the room—then we can be alone. Oh, Ruth, you can comfort me so, if you will only promise."

I could not speak. I held out my hand to Mr. Thorne, thinking of nothing but how to comfort my husband in this terrible hour. Then Frank said:

"Thorne, swear that you will marry her, even though you know that she has no love for you. She will fulfil her promise; only one thing, if she should love any one else."

"In such case she shall be released."

"God bless you, dear friend; and you will provide a safe home for her till this year is over?"

He bowed his head, then touched my husband's brow with his lips, and went out.

I stayed there with my husband, with my arms clasped round his neck, until his soul passed me on its way to heaven.

Of the succeeding days I have only confused and disturbed memories. Mr. Thorne placed me here with his aunt. Aunt Eleanor, I have learned to call her. I love her.

My little baby died a month after Frank's death, so I am very lonely. It is beautiful country all around here, and I take long, sad walks every day. I begged Mr. Thorne not to see me, or write to me, till our marriage day. Alas! it is to-morrow.

He left me ten months ago in such grief, that if he had been any other man or any other woman, I might have pitied him; to-morrow he will be here.

Oh, dear Mary, I am writing recklessly, despairingly, and even this comfort is taken from me—you are going to India. I shall have none to speak to of my sorrow, but I shall write to you a little every day, and wait for your return to read it. Dear aunt Eleanor, I cannot talk to her against the nephew whom she idolizes. "If I should love any one else I should be released." I am glad that I can never love again. Good-bye, dear Mary. Pray that I may soon be released from tossing about on the waves of this troublesome world.

April 3d.—Alas! he is coming to-day. Aunt Eleanor has begged me to wear white—only through the ceremony, she says—and I have yielded, because I would not distress her on this last day, so there lies the white dress on the bed, and the gloves and veil. Oh, Frank, I am as listless and uncaring as if this was not to be one of the most miserable days of my life. There, aunt Eleanor calls me. I must go down to meet him.

Ah! good-bye, little room, good-bye all things here which I have learned to love; good-bye all the peaceful, quiet, melancholy days which I have passed here with aunt Eleanor. Another hour from now, and I shall be his wife.

For one thing I must thank him, that he did not at our meeting trouble me with any demonstration of affection. He led me into a separate room, and said:

"Ruth, do you love any one?"

His face was pale as he spoke, and the light which flashed upon it as I calmly answered "No," taught me that I was mistaken, and that he still loved me, despite his seeming coldness, but he became immediately grave and quiet again.

"Ruth, I have come to claim your promise; are you ready?"

"Yes."

That was all that passed, and I have come up to get ready. It would be less pain to me if some one should come here and put me in a coffin and carry me away. There is the carriage at the door, and I look down at my white dress and sigh, for, alas! I am going in it as his bride.

THORNEBOROUGH, April 20th.—I have been here a fortnight, and too much bewildered and confused to write in all that time. I must begin now with our marriage day:

After the ceremony was over, and I had put on my black dress again, I bade good-bye to dear aunt Eleanor on the steps. Then I was overcome, and I sat back in the carriage, while the tears ran down my cheeks like rain. I was angry, too; for there he sat, as calm and immovable as a marble pillar, with lips compressed, and a frown gather-

ing on his brow. He might, I thought, have at least attempted to soothe me. I began to wonder at this strange conduct, and at last, through very pique, I stopped crying. He spoke then:

"Ruth," he said, "there is no necessity to distress yourself so. Why are you so unhappy?"

"Because I am your wife!"

"Listen," he said, "and let us have no more tears."

"Yes," I thought, "he already begins to make himself master."

"Ruth, you are going to live in the same house with me, and people will call you Mrs. Thorne—that is the only change in your position. To the world we will be husband and wife—I hope that you have powers of dissembling sufficient to appear an affectionate wife; to each other we will be nothing. Remember, that you are only fulfilling a sacred promise which I, but for my own, would never have asked you to fulfil, for I know how hard it is for you."

We were quiet after that, he and I—an extraordinary new-married couple. It was nearly evening when he said:

"Here we are at home! Welcome home, and may God make you happy."

As the door opened, and he lifted me out, light fell upon his face, and I saw how pale he was, and how his lips quivered. I could not, at that moment, help liking him a little, for making me so comparatively happy, but I would not let him see that.

Since then we have lived on in peace, he treats me just as I would have him. He never fails to be in at mealtimes, and then talks so well and intelligently that I can but admire him, while, at the same time, he has a way of putting me quite at my ease, so that I do not realise what a strange position we hold to each other. I begin to find out that he is delightful for a mere companion—begin to have yearnings for deeper and higher things than I have thought of since I was a young girl, with the full world, as I felt it then to be, lying before me. I gave up all those thoughts when I married, dear, bright, careless Frank, who cared for none of these things. I am afraid that if Mr. Thorne were to go away I should miss him at first. I hear him downstairs; it must be nearly dinner-time, or he would not have got back from the city. No, it is only four o'clock—I shall not go down yet.

Thorneborough is a beautiful place, situated in the midst of woods, and spring flowers are covering every hill and valley round about. The house is just such a one as I have always longed to live in, and I should be perfectly happy if it were not for this man. A great change has come over him, he is so perfectly at ease. I believe in my heart that I was right at first, and that he has ceased to love me at all. Heigh, ho! that, at least is a blessing! He never joins me except at mealtimes, and if I take my work into the breakfast-room, and find him there, he immediately leaves the room. He needn't take the trouble; I'm sure I don't care whether he stays or goes. I have found great pleasure in visiting the tenants on the place since I came here. Last night I unexpectedly met him coming out of a cottage, as I was entering. He looked pleased, and half turned to go in again, but changed his mind, and went on his own way. Do I care? I'm glad he did not go in with me; I should not have known what to say in a walk home alone with him—it would have been awkward. My lord may keep himself away from me as much as he chooses—that pleases me.

Last night, instead of going to his own room, he sat with me through the evening. It was cold enough for a fire, and the room looked cheerful, but he sat on one side of the table, I on the other. I was reading when he came in, and though my work was there, and I could easily have taken it up, I would not put down my book, for I did not wish him to see that his being there made any difference. Of course it makes no difference, but if he had been an indifferent acquaintance I should have been more civil to him. Perhaps I was rather uncivil; it would have done no harm, I suppose, if I had tried a little politeness. At any rate, I was sorry when he went out, coolly wishing me good-night, that I had not been more gracious. It may be that he will come again this evening. I shall not take my book down to the sitting-room with me.

23d.—He did not come near me last evening. I don't care for that. He told me at breakfast that he would be obliged to leave home on the next Wednesday for two months. When will it be next Wednesday? A week from to-day. I wonder why he is going, and where he is going? I am glad that I am to be left at home, for I like Thorneborough exceedingly, and him not at all. I wonder what the place will be like when he is not in it? All his people love him so much that I shall have to be very attentive during his absence. Ah, well, it is a week yet!

24th.—He came again to the sitting-room last night. I had my work, and kept my eyes fixed on it. I had intended to be polite and talk to him a little, but somehow or other I lost all power of being entertaining as soon as I heard him come in. He spoke first:

"Ruth," he said, "it will be very lonely for you to spend the summer with no one in the house to make a companion of, I propose you should invite some friend to stay with you."

"I have no friends to invite."

"I have friends who I am sure you will like, and they will make the place gay for you, shall we ask them?"

I would much rather have answered "no, let me stay here alone," but I did not wish to let him think I desired to have any voice in the management of matters, so I said:

"Just as you like."

I was angry with myself, even as I spoke, for answering so coldly, for his voice had quite a tender tone in it when he asked, "Shall we invite them?" He gave me some paper, and I wrote the invitations then and there. Goodness knows what I am to do with the people when they come. Mr.

and Mrs. Walker, his cousins, and their son; and Miss Marion Adams, a young lady, who is staying with them. When I had written the invitations he asked me, if I was sure it would give me pleasure to have them with me, in this lonely home. I had half a mind to say "no," and throw the note into the fire, but instead of that I said "yes," and they are coming; those people are coming. Oh, how much rather would I stay here alone. "The whole summer," he said. Are May and June the whole summer? He said he was going for two months. I wish he was not going at all, and to leave me with these people. That is the stupid part of it. I don't like innovation; I was doing very well, getting used to have him about, now he not only goes away, but pesters me with a crowd of people I never saw. It would be different if it were Aunt Eleanor. Ah, no; it would not do to have dear Aunt Eleanor, with her clear eyes, and her great love for Mr. Thorne here. What would she think of me?

26th.—I found myself watching for him to come to the breakfast-room the night before last. That is much the pleasantest room in the house, and I always sit there. He came then; and last night he staid away till so late that I was just lighting my candle to come upstairs.

"Ruth," he said, "will you go with me to church to-morrow?"

"Yes, if it is a fine day."

"Remember, then, that service begins at half-past ten. Good-night, Ruth."

"Good-night."

I had a mind to hold out my hand to him, but did not. I wonder if it will be a fine day to-morrow.

27th.—I have been to church with him. Indeed, we spent the day together. It looked very cloudy this morning, and as we sat at breakfast it rained a little. Pahaw, that little rain would not do me any harm. I determined, in my own mind, that it was going to be a fine day, and as I left the room, I said, carelessly:

"I am going to get ready for church; I suppose it is nearly time."

When I came down I found him standing at the hall-door. He was going to drive himself, and I must sit in the back seat. Foolish thing, why did he not let John drive? I would have been glad to go on with a conversation which began at dinner yesterday, and in which I got so interested, as quite to forget all unpleasant things. I forgot myself, too, and talked better than I ever imagined I could. I know that, because there was a look of real interest in his face. He listened to my ideas on the subject we were discussing, just as he might listen to some brilliant talker. I believe I was brilliant for the time, and I felt my cheeks burn while he listened. Surely I find a new character developing in myself; a character which has been asleep under the circumstances of my life always before. We did not exchange a word till we got to church. Well, he may be as quiet as he pleases. I'm sure I don't care. We rode home in the same unsocial manner. I believe that he made a few observations on the surrounding country, and that I answered. He has been reading to me this afternoon. He has a beautiful voice. I wonder what he will do after tea. Go up to his own library I suppose, which adjoins his room, and next Sunday he will not be here.

28th.—No, he sat with me again last evening. I was tired, and had pulled the sofa out near the fire, for it was really cold. He began to read to himself after coming in, but I noticed that sometimes he looked at me as I lay back on the crimson cushions.

"You are not comfortable," he said. "Let me move the sofa," and he moved it in such a way that I could no longer see him without turning my head.

This is Monday. The day after to-morrow he is going away, and on Saturday those stupid people are coming. I wish they would not come till after Sunday.

29th.—I find tears in my eyes. What are they doing there? He has said good-bye to me, for he is going at four o'clock in the morning. He lighted my candle, and stood with his eyes fixed on the floor, as he said good-bye, and held out his hand to me. I am afraid that mine trembled. Well, I shall see him pass the window in the morning. I like early rising. I shall get up very early for the future.

30th.—Ah, I cannot write to-day. I have nothing to write about. I wish I was sleeping underneath the flowers with Frank, instead of living here, married to a man who does not care a rush about me. My husband has an unpleasant day for his journey; it is raining hard, and he will be two days on the road. I wonder what he is thinking of. Ah, me! how lonely this great house is.

MAY 5th.—I have been sick for the last few days; too sick to write. The doctor said I was threatened with nervous fever, but I think he was mistaken. I never get fovers like other people. Never get sick enough to lie down in bed, and forget things. To-day my guests have arrived. I am glad they did not come before Sunday. I just managed to get to church yesterday, and sat where I sat with him last Sunday. I don't know what the priest preached about; I tried to listen, but I could not. Then tried to think about dear Frank, and my little baby, but I could not think of them. Instead of that, I was thinking of Mr. Thorne.

"He has a fine intellect," said I to myself, and I am sure a tender heart when he loves any one.

I suppose he did once love me, but I have never seen any evidence of that. At any rate, that has been long over. Over, I fancy, before he came to claim me as his bride, according to that unfortunate promise made to Frank. How Frank loved him. He, too, must have had some perception of the noble, great spirit, which is too far above me to stoop down and care for such an one as I. What a grand, calm way he has; what an independent mind, which walks erect and undisturbed through all chances and changes—which leaves on either side all prejudices, all affections, with a fine simplicity and singleness of purpose, beautiful to see.

I have read lately some of his speeches—how the people who listen must be stirred by them. If he ever comes home again I shall go to hear him speak. Home! Yes, surely this is his home and mine. Our home.

All this I thought yesterday in church. Of course it was foolish in me. Of course I do not love Mr. Thorne, but even a stranger must, I think, admire some points in his character. I have been sick and depressed, so things have more power to move me than they would have, in health. Well, I can write no longer. I must go down and entertain my guests.

8th.—I have just received a letter from Aunt Eleanor, in which she speaks so lovingly of my husband. I keep the letter in my bosom. I love

Aunt Eleanor. Now if these stupid people were not here, I could run over and see her. No, they are really not stupid, but I wish they were away for all that. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are very agreeable, and their son is intelligent and companionable. Marion Adams (my husband knew her before he was married) is very beautiful. I am plain. She sings beautifully. My voice, after she has been singing, sounds like a crow's. I wonder if she will be here on his return; she has very sweet ways, but I already see that she is selfish. I do not like her at all. But as she is my husband's friend, I try to like her.

28th.—I have become very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, but I am sad, nevertheless. My time is all taken up through the day, and at night, when I wish to write, I fall into such fits of misery, that I forget what I am about.

July 31st.—I have been sick—almost at death's door. Mrs. Walker has been as kind to me as if I were a daughter. Marion Adams comes in to see me once a day. I wish she would stay out. My husband wrote to the steward, two months ago, that he was obliged to go to France on business, and that he must be very careful to see that I "wanted for nothing" till his return.

"Wanted for nothing!" What have I, that I want? Last week, when I was so very ill, Mrs. Walker wrote to apprise him of my danger. What will he care. She says that he will have been dreadfully alarmed at not hearing from me for so long a time. Poor lady! how little she knows about it. He will get that letter to-day, and if he should think it worth while to come on, he will be here in a few days. I wish that I could be alone when he comes home. But, alas! they are not going away till the 1st of September.

August 1st.—I have been downstairs for the first time to-day. I am getting stronger, but I am sorry for that. I should like to be sick when he comes home. I wonder if he will come tomorrow? How everybody I meet seems to love him. Hark! What is that?

Yes, it was Mr. Thorne. I ran down, and had just reached the parlor door when he came in. I wished to run across the hall to meet him, but I could not move my feet. He came quickly towards me—I think he meant to kiss me—but I turned away.

"Oh, Ruth!" he said, "what a relief to find you downstairs; but you look pale, poor child, and faint. Let me take you in."

I wish I had fainted, so that he might have carried me into the parlor. I said:

"I have been walking too far to-day. It was very careless in me, for I am not quite strong yet. And you, Mr. Thorne; I am sorry that Mrs. Walker should have alarmed you about my health."

"I thank her for writing to me, Ruth. I can see, by your appearance, that you must have been very sick."

My appearance! Ah, yes, he must see that I am very pale, and thin—very plain, while that beautiful Marion Adams looks more brilliant than when she came, with her dark hair and flashing eyes, with that rich warm calm in her cheeks, and her regal figure, in which one finds no angles, no awkwardnesses. He did not offer to kiss me again. Stupid, foolish thing, he might have seen how glad it would make me.

7th.—Oh, it is dreadful to live in this way. He said to me this morning:

"Ruth, because there are people here to observe us, it is better that we should act as husband and wife in their presence, and be as much together as possible."

I said "very well," and so he has adopted a manner towards me which, while it deceives others, only makes me feel more sharply what a separation there is between us. This one thing is quite clear, that he does not care for me at all.

He is passionately fond of music, and Marion Adams is singing her beautiful songs from morning till night. I wish she would hold her tongue. I see them now passing the window arm in arm. I wonder where they are going?

9th.—I cannot bear this any longer. Last night, as he was giving me my candle, I turned quite faint and sick. I heard Mrs. Walker say: "Look at Ruth, Richard, look at Ruth."

He caught me as I was falling. As soon as I felt the least better, I rose up quickly from his arm, I was so afraid that he might think I was only pretending in order that he might support me. I said that I was all right now, and sorry to have troubled him. Mrs. Walker told me afterwards that she had never seen a woman so cold in her manner as I could be sometimes.

August 12th.—I went in this morning and found Marion singing while he sat beside her, with his hand covering his eyes. I shut the door softly and came away. I wish I had told him that I loved some one else when he asked me that question before we were married. Then he might have been happy. Oh, me, if he were only happy—it would be no matter about me.

16th.—Frank Walker has returned and brought two young friends with him. And they make quite a gay party now. I see them now from the window, crossing the lawn. Marion always by my husband's side. I excuse myself always from joining these excursions, on account of my weakness. Mr. Thorne says I am not nearly strong enough to go. He offers every day to stay at home with me, but as I know that is only carrying out the compact between us that we should be affectionate before strangers, I never accept the offer. I know that it means nothing. This morning I was getting some sugar out of the sideboard when he started me by speaking close at my side, almost in a whisper:

"Ruth, may I stay at home with you to-day?"

"Oh, no, I would rather not."

I shall not interfere with his enjoyments. Poor man, he has few enough—tied to a woman he cannot love. Yesterday, Marion and I chanced to be opposite the large mirror at the same time. I happened to glance up, and caught her eye. I saw what was in her mind, and felt quite defiant about it.

"Marion Adams," I said, "there is a great difference, is there not? Turn round towards the window with me. Turn your face towards the roses. Mr. Thorne, look at us. What do I look like beside this regal girl—is there any likeness between us?"

"No, Ruth, you are very unlike."

Marion pretended to treat it all as a joke, and held me there longer than I wished to stay, till I felt my cheeks burning as red as hers, and my eyes on fire.

Suddenly she looked into my face. Perhaps she was astonished to find that roses could bloom in my cheeks also. At any rate, she released her hold upon me at once. My husband's eyes followed me. Does he see that I am jealous?

17th.—I wish they were gone; and yet I dread it. Perhaps he, too, will find some excuse for going as soon as Marion leaves.

20th.—Marion ought not to act as she does. This morning we were all sitting together, when she went to the piano, and began to sing, with her beautiful voice:

"Canst thou not learn to love me,
I who have loved so long,
Can not my sorrow move thee,
Or the sadness of my song?"

"My misery is speaking,
By the shadows on my brow
God keep thy heart from breaking,
As mine is breaking now."

I did not dare to look up, my heart was too full. I longed to escape from the room. Once only I raised my eyes, to encounter the furtive, guilty glance of his, which were again immediately fixed on the singer. He need not look guilty. He was too noble and good to break his promise, but he cannot prevent himself from loving another. Oh, beautiful heart, worthy of a better fate! But, Marion, you should not sing such songs as those, you only make him more unhappy. If you were his wife, you would not be worthy of him. Still, I pray that you may one day be his wife, because he loves you. If he were free, I know that you would be glad to marry him, because he has wealth and position, and eminence among men. But you would not know how to love him; you are too selfish. Leaves are beginning to fall earlier than usual, and I am growing paler and thinner day by day.

26th.—Yes, every day I am weaker. Yesterday he brought the doctor in to see me. The doctor said to him, before me:

"It is not her body, but her mind; something troubles her. You must take her away for a change."

When the doctor had gone, he stood by the mantelpiece, with his hand over his eyes.

"Ruth," he said, "will you go abroad with me?"

"No."

I could not, at that moment, say more. I know that he wishes to do all he can for me. He shall make no more sacrifices; things are better as they are. I shall go soon to Frank! Will he forgive me for carrying into that other world another and far greater love than any I have ever felt for him?

29th.—He, too, grows very sad and pale. Oh, Marion, you ought to go away; you cannot love him and still stay near him, while you know that your presence each day plants a new pain in his heart. I couldn't do so. Can you not wait? Can you not be patient? It will not be long before the last leaves fall. Some of them will fall on my grave.

September 1st.—Is this the same broken-hearted woman who sat here writing two days ago? Am I the same Ruth? I cannot see to write. My eyes are dizzy, and my hand trembles so that it is hard to hold the pen. Ah, I have grown so happy! The whole world is shining for me. Now I will try to write quietly, and tell you about it, poor little book, who has listened to all my complainings. I watched from the window this morning till I saw him crossing the fields with them all, and Marion Adams on his arm. I don't think he meant to go with them to-day, but at breakfast that girl said: "Oh, Mr. Thorne, I am going to hold you to your promise, and you must take me to-day to the castle. It is the last day, you know."

He looked at me, but I would not see it.

"Of course he will go, Marion," I said; "Mr. Thorne is not a man who will break his promise, under any temptation."

Then I came away and shut myself in my room. He came to the door, but I told Anne, who was in the room, to say that "Mrs. Thorne was lying down." I watched till they were out of sight, and then wandered about the halls listlessly. I had a great longing to be in some place which belonged to him alone. He has a library of his own, in which he always sits, when not downstairs with the company. It belongs exclusively to him, and contains fewer books than the large one downstairs. The door was slightly ajar, and so I pushed it and went in. I sat down in his chair, and leaned my head against the back—there, where his dear head had so often been. I wished never to rise out of that chair any more. I stooped down and kissed the arm of it. Then I put my arms on the table, and laid my head on them. I could not help the tears, and I cried like a child—cried out, moaned and sobbed over myself, as a weary, passionate child might moan and sob. I heard no one come in, heard nothing, till I felt some one's arms round me, and raised my head to find him kneeling down at my feet.

"My poor Ruth," he said, "how can I comfort you? Oh, be sure that I would never have kept you to your promise, if I had known how hard it would be for you. Oh, be sure that I have tried to do all I could for you, even to going away, when I found that I could not stay without letting you see how dear you were. Child, I would give my life to make you happy. You are the only woman I have ever loved, and see, I have made you miserable! Tell me—"

Here he stopped. I think he must have seen some change in my face. He must have seen something in the eyes, from which no more tears were falling. I know that in my heart there was a great astonishment—a great joy. Whether these shone out in my eyes, I cannot tell. I know only that he rose up and took me in his arms—that he sat down then in the chair where I had been sitting with me in his embrace like a child, enfolded with a sure protection. He held my hand up, and turned the wedding-ring round and round on the thin finger. I kissed the ring.

Now the setting sun shined red on the wall. He has gone to see about our poor, neglected guests, who leave to-morrow. They are packing-up for their departure in the morning, and in the evening I, too, am going away with my husband. In all the world there is no woman as happy as I.

RUTH THORNE.

The Hindoos treat their wives as badly as the Christians. We find the following testimony given at Bombay by Mrs. Govinda Ragoo: "I am the lawful wife of the prisoner, Govinda Ragoo. I was married to him in my childhood, nine or ten years ago. He is a cart driver, and I lately lived with him in a room in a house in Nagpada. On the 5th inst. he did not go to work. We went to the room of one Muckabaye with whom he had lived. The prisoner then lay down on a mat and told me to lie beside him. I did so. We had not been lying an hour when the prisoner took an untold turban from the top of a box and tied my feet. He did so laughing. He then with the end of the turban tied my arms together across my body. I tried to resist, but he knelt across my body and kept me down. When he had fastened my limbs he led off the end of the turban to my hair, to which he fastened it. He did not speak while doing so, but was laughing. After he had finished tying me he sat down beside me, and said: 'Will you run away from me?' I promised I would not. He then said, 'I will take your life, or I shall make you lame, and I do not care if I am hanged for it.' He ordered me to keep quiet; and taking a knife from his pocket stabbed me in my abdomen, then on my right side, and several times in my body. I attempted to cry, but he tried to stuff something in my mouth. After he had stabbed me, he wiped the knife and put it into his pocket."

SPLENDID NAVAL ENGAGEMENT Between the Covadonga and the Esmeralda—The Chilean Victory.

Nothing is spoken about or commented upon by the press of Chile except the naval engagement between the Covadonga and Esmeralda. When the news first reached us of the war between Spain and Chile, and that Pareja had established a blockade, we also heard that the Chilean men-of-war Esmeralda and Maipo had both escaped from Valparaiso, fully manned, armed and provisioned for a cruise. Many supposed that they had gone into the Atlantic Ocean to hunt up and destroy Spanish merchant vessels; but others said they would not be far off, and would be ready to strike when the time for action came. The latter were right. The Esmeralda is a screw corvette of 16 guns, and the Maipo a much smaller steamer. The battery of the former consists of medium 32-pounders. Since their departure nothing had been said of their whereabouts, nor was it even hinted of their vicinity to the coast of Chile, and it is only now we learn that, with their secret well kept, a damaging blow has been inflicted by one of them upon the squadron of Spain, and a most mortifying one to Admiral Pareja's pride, if he has any in his composition.

The Covadonga is a screw gunboat of about 700 tons, and has a battery of four heavy guns—two 68ths and two 32's. She was reputed to be of good speed, and was principally used by Admiral Pareja as a dispatch vessel. She had been to Coquimbo, and there met the English mail steamer bound south, and from her received the Spanish admiral's mail, dispatches and money. On the 26th of November the British mail steamer Valparaiso arrived at Valparaiso, but no Covadonga was there, although she had left Coquimbo some hours in advance of the mail steamer. About the time the Valparaiso reached her anchorage the sound of a distant cannonade to the northward was distinctly heard by those on board the vessels in the bay, and on the hills surrounding the city. All were on tip-toe of excitement to know what it meant, and the non-arrival of the Spanish gunboat only made the excitement more intense. At 11 o'clock that night, however, an express arrived at Valparaiso from the port of Papudo, distant 40 miles, dated on board the corvette Esmeralda the same day in which her commander, Senor Don Juan Williams, announced to the Minister of Marine that he had that morning intercepted the Covadonga en route from Coquimbo to Valparaiso, and after an engagement of half an hour had captured her, she having two killed and 14 wounded, while the Chilean vessel was without a casualty to record. With the vessel he captured as prisoners of war seven officers and 100 petty officers and crew. The following outfit, or armament, was also taken: Four heavy guns, as above mentioned; 300 rifles, 190 revolvers, 70 boarding axes, 200 boarding pikes, an ample supply of shot, shell and small arm ammunition, and bunkers well filled with coal. The signal book was also captured. Immediately after her capture the Covadonga was taken into the port of Papudo, the prisoners landed and started to Santiago under a guard, and as the vessel was in almost perfect order, having suffered but trifling damage, she was at once manned and officered by Chileans, and sailed the same night, with the Esmeralda, on a cruise.

The affair altogether was a most creditable one for the navy of Chile. It shows that Chile is up and doing, that Pareja and his big frigates are in danger, that he is liable to be attacked and defeated in detail, and a sense of this danger, made doubly strong by this disaster, must compel him to concentrate his forces for mutual safety, and in this manner the blockade of all but one port will be raised. Even then, when his ships are all around him, the iron-clad Neumann among them, he will not be safe, for with their spirits up, and enlivened with the late victory, the Chileans will arrange some plan whereby his forces will be scattered or destroyed. No one will be left unturned, now that the ball is fairly opened, to give the Spaniards such a crushing defeat as will prevent him in future ever showing his nose this side of Cape Horn, not even upon one of his friendly errands.

To say that the news of the victory was received with great joy in Chile, is hardly sufficient to describe the manner in which it was received. At Santiago the people went half mad. The flag of the republic appeared flying on every house, bands of music paraded the streets, and crowds of people joined in singing the national hymn and songs in praise of their victorious commander, his officers and crew. A solemn Te Deum was chanted at the cathedral, at which officiated the Archbishop of Santiago, and the President and all the high officials of the government were present. The flag of the Covadonga—the proud banner of Spain—which had been lowered to the Esmeralda, was deposited in the cathedral "as a tribute of homage and humble recognition that the triumph was due to Him who fights for the just cause." After this ceremony the President called the Senate together, and immediately promoted Commander Williams to the rank of post captain, and raised every officer one grade, and the people of Santiago commenced a subscription for a sword of honor for Captain Williams, and it will be one worthy of a generous people.

THE REFORMED ROBBER.

In the year 1810, Father Raphael, an ecclesiastic of Orne, Normandy, was one day sent for into the country to prepare a highwayman for death. The criminal was not more than two or three and twenty, with an interesting physiognomy, and had been seduced by bad company. He had frankly confessed all the circumstances of his guilt; his chains were already taken off, as usual, previous to his execution; and as there was no convenient place in the prison, the clergyman and the culprit were shut up in a small chapel, which stood detached from any other buildings, at the extremity of the village, and received all its light from an aperture in the middle of the vaulted roof.

Here the ecclesiastic immediately commenced an earnest exhortation to repentance; but though he made it as persuasive and pathetic as possible, he observed that the poor fellow paid very little attention to what he said. As his appearance, age and confession gave the father no reason to suppose him a hardened criminal, he was somewhat surprised at this inattention. He ascribed it, however, to a natural levity of disposition, which he did not fail seriously to reprove, and reminded his companion to make the best use of the short time he had yet to live.

"By all means, reverend father," replied the prisoner, "that is just what I should wish to do. Your exhortations are indeed excellent; but yet I doubt whether your reverence would yourself pay much attention to the finest prayers in the world if you were in my place. For, to say nothing about the confoundedly disagreeable sensation, arising from the knowledge that in a few hours one's neck is to be broken, there is one idea which suggests itself with such force as to occupy my whole soul."

"Well, and what is that?"

"That I might yet find means to get off, if your reverence chooses to spare my life."

"Is—? What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that opening in the roof?"

"Yes, certainly; but what then?"

"That it is a considerable height is evident enough. But if we were to put that altar exactly underneath it,

and upon the altar that chair; if your reverence would get upon the chair, and then suffer me to mount upon your shoulders, I should certainly be able to reach it."

"And when you had got up there what would you do?"

"I would scramble down the roof to the cornice, and then a leap of five or six yards would be but a trifle for a man in my situation. I hope that nobody is watching on the outside. The chapel stands detached, a wood is not far off; I can assure you that as soon as I reached the ground, I would run as fast as my legs would carry me."

Here the poor fellow paused. The priest considering the whole plan in silence, with difficulty repressed an involuntary smile, and rejoined:

"Excellent! And I am to assist you to do this! At a great risk to myself, I am to enable a robber to continue his guilty course! All the depredations which you would henceforth commit—"

"No, reverend sir, never would I commit any more. I am now fully aware of the consequences. I have this time approached too near the gallows not to avoid it in future as far as lies in my power. I will betake myself to work, and maintain myself honestly, let me tell ever so hard to do it. Help me but this once, I entreat you!"

The father did not suffer him to solicit long; he only exacted a solemn promise of amendment, and then, though his heart was long before softened in favor of the prisoner, he complied with his request. He assisted to remove the altar, placed the chair upon it himself, and patiently served to lengthen out this singular ladder. The poor fellow certainly had great difficulty to reach the opening; but what will not the fear of death accomplish? When he had crept out, the father listened attentively for some time, and as the leap was followed by no outcry or noise, he removed the altar and chair to their proper places, and contentedly waited full two hours to see how the affair would end.

At length the officers of justice, conceiving that the prisoner had been allowed sufficient time to prepare himself, the jailer and executioner went to fetch him away. The former knocked at the door. The ecclesiastic from within replied, that he had long been anxiously wishing to be released. With astonishment they opened the door of the chapel, and with still greater astonishment, they beheld the father sitting all alone in the midst of it.

"Where is the prisoner?" was very naturally the first question.

"The prisoner," calmly replied the ecclesiastic, "was either an angel or a devil; it is impossible he could be a man. While I was endeavoring to the best of my ability, to bring him to a due sense of his guilt, he suddenly rose from the place, and ascended through that aperture. I looked after him, petrified with astonishment, unable to move a limb, or to utter a single word. It was not till you knocked that I regained the power to stir or speak."

The jailer and executioner would willingly have supposed that the father's intellects were deranged; but as the criminal was irretrievably lost, they knew not whether to consider it as a miracle or a deception.

Several of the villagers assembled; but after the most diligent search in every corner of the chapel, no trace of the criminal could be discovered. The executioner, who was the greatest loser by this accident, hastened to acquaint the officers of justice with the circumstance. They repaired to the spot, and to them the ecclesiastic repeated the same story as before. He added, that in no case was it his duty to act the part of keeper to a prisoner, and that he was almost convinced this reputed culprit was innocent; and solemnly swore that he went out at the aperture in the roof. The superstition of the multitude led them to suspect sorcery; and the father took no pains to refute it.

Years passed away, and the circumstance of the lost criminal was almost forgotten by the good people of Orne, when one day Father Raphael was journeying through a distant province, and was belated so that the night came down upon the worthy priest in the midst of a deep forest. In the midst of his troubles a light gleamed out in the distance, and towards it he made his way. It proved to proceed from a small and comfortable cottage, into which he was ushered by a comely young woman to find a good-looking, stalwart man sitting by the fireside.

The good father noted a strange manner about the man on their meeting, and afterwards an extra desire upon the cottager and his wife's part to shower upon him all the creature comforts possible. The best that the house could give and the choice bed was his, and on the morrow a proffer from the man to escort to the father upon his way within sight of his destination, a proffer which was accepted.

They jogged pleasantly on until the time came for parting, when the cottager in a very delicate way slipped a small purse with, for a poor man, a liberal allowance of coin, and whispering to Father Raphael "For the love of God," said:

"Now, father, we must part, but before you go let me ask you a question. Do you not remember me?"

"No!" was the response.

"Strange!" said the man, "when you once saw my life."

The story is told. It was the identical highwayman who had through the benevolent priest's agency, so many years before, escaped an ignominious death.

He had kept his promise faithfully, and become an honest man, married and prospered, and the father had his reward, not only in knowing that he had an agency in giving him to the world, but ever afterwards, about the beginning of the year, a small purse, with its little gold pieces, found its way mysteriously to the father's hand, and aided not a little in smoothing the winter of his life.

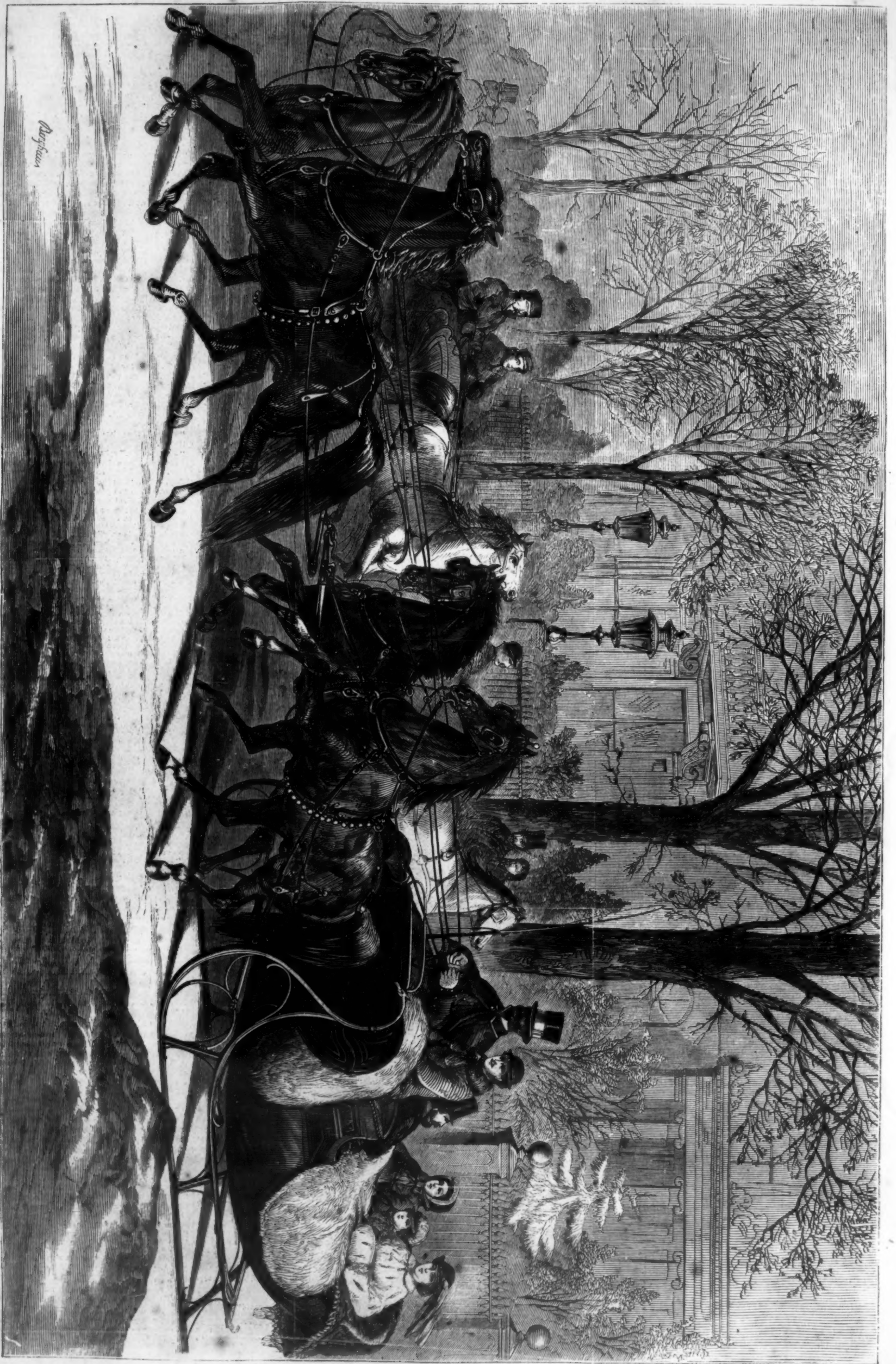
THE LAST CASE OF BARBARITY.

The universal Yankee nation is generally supposed to be the inventive nation of the world, but occasionally John Bull surpasses us, and puts in something that rather singlers our views of labor-saving machinery. Of this style is the newly-invented machine for brushing the hair, the description of which we take from an English paper.

Few things could better illustrate the many purposes to which machinery may be turned, than its application to hair-brushing; and certainly two or three years ago it would have been one of the last things thought of. When the announcement was first made, every one looked on it as a mere puff; but a few trials served to convince the most incredulous that the hair is both more pleasantly and more effectively brushed by machinery, than in the ordinary manner.

Hitherto, the hair-brushing machine has been far too cumbersome and complicated for private houses; but the apparatus represented below has removed those obstacles, and its extreme simplicity must commend it to general use.

The apparatus, it will be seen, consists mainly of an ordinary chair—somewhat more solid, perhaps, than the flimsy papier-mache chair which gentlemen use with such "fear and trembling," but neither more heavy nor more cumbersome than many others admitted into our houses. To this chair is affixed a support by no means unornamental, and to the support are attached the roller and driving-wheel, to give motion to the brush. The apparatus is made to revolve by a common treadle, similar to that of a lathe or sewing-machine, and any domestic can both work the treadle and manipulate the brush at the same time. On the whole, the invention is both simple and effective—a combination quite essential to success—and there is a neatness about it which is not its least merit.



Allyn

SLEIGHING IN THE CITY.

SLEIGHING IN THE COUNTRY.



'REQUIESCAT IN PACE.'

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

Frozen, for aye,
The girlish face
And peerless form
In death's embrace.

Silent, and cold,
The full lips close;
For ever more
In pale repose.

Never a word
They'll speak again—
Never utter
A moan of pain.

No light can break
From those dull eyes,
Nor loving glance
Of sweet surprise.

Thank God, for this
We know the dead
Have never more
A tear to shed.

Fold the dark hair
Around her brow,
Where angel's seal
Is resting now.

Cross the white hands
Upon her breast.
So let her lie,
Taking her rest.

That perfect rest
Which mortals crave
And find at last
Within the grave.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAKE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.—THE DEPARTURE.

AFTER spending some hours, of a pleasant kind enough to a boy, in purchasing things that Bob thought would be useful when he got abroad, they set off to the pier in a cab, with all their acquired treasures about them.

"Aint you goin' to wear them things as I give you?" asked Bob.

"Them! No. Not if am to be a gentleman. It's only low swells as mounts false jewelry." Bob was delighted with his "sperrit," and began to express his sentiments by a kind of triumphant cockcrow.

"If you'll give me the real ones," said Esau, archly.

"You'll wear 'em? I believe yer, my boy. But you shall, 'honor bright, as soon as we're abroad."

Esau was so far from objecting to go abroad when the critical moment came, that he was actually the first to stand in the gangway of the gigantic steamer, looking up with his old saucy cock of the eye at the captain, who had mounted the bridge.

Presently Bob and his inseparable joined the had, and they all went down below to get a bottle of ale. When Esau tired of this, he asked Bob if he mightn't go upon deck. Bob graciously consented. But he soon followed, as if with a misgiving, that Esau's conduct did not at all justify. He was standing at the bulwark, leaning his elbow on it, and so supporting his head, and seemed lost in thought. Bob went to him, touched his shoulder, took out a little package that Esau knew well, and beckoned him to follow.

And now for Esau's hour of glory. Taking the things out of the parcel, one by one, Bob gave Esau the gold watch, and fastened the gold chain to it, and put the ring on Esau's finger, and fastened in his neck-scarf the diamond pin.

"Might be a markis just come into his estates," said Bob, admiringly, as he saw the result. But Esau didn't, after all, care to make much display of his wealth. Bob, having hooked his victim, felt safe, and went back to his ale. Esau found another and less conspicuous corner, out of the way of the people who thronged the principal parts of the deck, and of the sailors who were disposing of packages newly come on board, and then he took a good look, one by one, at his acquisitions, beginning with the ring, but ending with the watch.

His whole heart was evidently in that superb piece of workmanship, which, though it had cost so much just now, was not new, but had originally cost far more. It was incredible to Esau what he had heard and partly understood—"guaranteed to keep within three seconds for a twelvemonth together!" And now he was watching the second: one—two—three! And that was the only error his darling watch would commit during a whole year—was it? He felt greatly inclined to hug it. But as he looked, some inexplicable feeling or thought caused a tear to come into his eye, which sparkled in the bright sun as it rolled down his cheek. He looked and listened to the tick, and opened out the dial face, and touched it with his fingers. Then he got to the innetworks, and saw the jewels gleaming in the sun.

Presently he dashed the tear from his eye, and began, without changing his seat, to busy himself in a curious way. He took a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and he put the watch into it—rolled up in one corner. He then took off the ring, and put that next. Lastly, he stuck the breast-pin into the bundle, in such a manner as to keep the contents tightly fastened together in half the handkerchief. Then he rolled the little hard knot up in the remainder of the handkerchief, and held it in his hand, which he slid into his breast, as if

intending to watch for an opportunity to do something with it: perhaps give it to a stranger to give to his father. He now rose, and began to walk about. His father, at some distance, saw him, and began to stroll towards him; but Esau didn't or wouldn't see him, and so turned out of his way.

It didn't matter to Bob. He was glad to see the boy stare at the packages, read the names addressed, peep down the hatchway, exchange salutes with a grinning stoker, for all he wanted was to get the lad safely off, and then he and Esau would discuss these things with quite a new light. While he is lighting his pipe, and exchanging a few last words with his comrade, Esau happens unobserved, to become a listener.

"What's this?" demanded a voice, in a tone not unlike the tone of a modern cabman when he receives sixpence for his fare, and asks the same question. "Five pounds for a job as is worth five-and-twenty! Better make it ten, Bob, or I'll be happening to get hold of that 'ere gent as was so sweet on the boy."

"Will you, Bill? That's very good on yer. Then I'll make it six if ye'll promise to give him my compliments—Bob Stonor's compliments (spell the name for him if he likes)—and say where you left us, and what we're after."

Bill looked black as thunder, but felt Bob was too much for him.

"And there's t'other gent—Mister Sleuth. Won't you go him? He wants this devil's imp back too. Of course he does! Only try him. Why, Bill, I didn't think you had been such a spooney."

"Anyhow, I can tell him it's all his money, not yours."

Bob felt that stroke, and said, in a less bantering tone—

"And what good 'ud that do him? I've got it, and I means to keep it. But mind you, for his good as well as my own. But come, Bill, I can afford to overlook the failin's of an old pal. I can afford to be generous. So here; 'old your 'and, Bill, and there's five more to make a man on yer. Take my advice—Bob's parting advice to his countrymen of the humbler class: work hard, don't get drunk, live on nothin' a day, if that's all you've got, and allus take care of your character. Why, Bill, that's advice as is worth more to you than the ten pounds. What's ten pounds? If you were to give them back to me, it wouldn't much matter. Try, if you like. But that advice is a very essence of gold, and diamonds, and waleable stones; for it's what I reads in my paper is the whole duty of man, purvided he's poor and knows his place. It's political economy, and religion, and I don't know what besides."

Bill shook hands, a little mollified by the other five pounds, and then the two worthies parted—Bill, with a kind of chivalrous feeling, declining to go to Esau and wish him good-bye, lest Bob might mistrust his intentions. As they parted, however, Bob whispered in his low and very unwhisper-like tone—

"Look out, will yer, till we're off?"

Esau flew from the place where he had listened to all this, and was presently seen sauntering about as before.

The vessel now begins to move. Bill hurries off, and Bob watches him ashore, then looks round. He doesn't see Esau, but that's no wonder, there are so many people. He walks quietly along the deck; still he doesn't see him. He runs down into the cabin; up again to the deck, with the same result. He hears now a splash in the water, and a cry—"Man overboard!"

"Easy, easy!" cries the captain, while looking out from the bridge.

"I say, Mister Captain, stop, if you please—it's my boy. He's tumbled over."

"Pooh, pooh, my man! all a mistake. I've been watching for him, and I see no sign. It's something else. Go on!"

"But, I say, put me ashore!"

"I can't. Pray be quiet. I'm busy."

"You must; I won't go. Stop, Mister Captain. I can't go without him!"

"Here! remove this man!" shouted the captain. "Easy, easy! Let her go!"

CHAPTER LIV.—LONG WICKHAM.

In the old part of Long Wickham town, wedged in tightly between a stonemason's and a builder's yard, was a curious, age-blackened, thatched house. It was approached by a garden, with a few trees in it; but these were not luxuriant enough to hide the builder's planks leaning over it on the one side, nor the chipped and grimy images and tombstones in the mason's yard on the other. It was a house that had seen better days, and that was determined not to smile on the present ones. Its old thatch had come loose, and hung in a frowning mass over the door. Its green-veined face was nearly always weeping, and, by its deadly coldness, repelled the vine and the clematis, which, weary of trying all the summer to comfort it, and make it young and fair again, and deaden for it the weary sound of the sawing and chipping of the tombstones, had now shuddered down, and lay huddled on the mould in death.

In the silence of the September evening, when the children of Long Wickham were at play at the new end of the town, and the blacksmith at the forge opposite was putting on his coat to go home, he saw a stranger open the garden gate of the dull house, and go up and stand some time at the door without knocking. He stood so long that the blacksmith grew tired of waiting to see who he was and what reception he might meet with, so he jerked his key out of the forge door and went his way.

The thatch, from one of its hollow tubes, let fall a drop of dew on the pale face that looked up at it, the dying clematis rustled and sighed on the ground, the tall sunflower near the door waved him back, the stone faces in the mason's yard seemed to change from white to green and from green to black as they stared at him. Death, in

the shape of a great white tombstone, looked over the wall at him, and seemed to say, "You have made sure of finding your last friend here; did you forget me? What if I have been to seek him before you?"

The twilight was deepening, damps were rising from the earth, a moist wind blew, the little garden was black and desolate, and full of death. The guest at the dull house was footsore, cold, hungry. He doubled up a white, stiff hand, and knocked at the door. There was no answer. He did not knock again. He put his thumb on the latch, and with a fierce movement tried to push the door in. It yielded—opened. Light came on his face, and laughter to his ears. He stepped in, and stood in the wide, old-fashioned passage, and shut out the ghastly images grinning over the mason's yard, and shut out the odors of death. Then he looked at the stream of light coming from an open door, and listened to the sound of children's laughter till the tears stood in his eyes.

Presently he crept along the passage and looked in at that open door. Amid the shrieks of laughter he had heard, as he came along the passage, cries of—"The queen! the queen! Make way there for the queen!" As soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the light, Anthony saw that her majesty, who was making so much noise, was no other than his once irreproachable acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Jane Harris.

Her coronation had just been celebrated, and there she sat, her father's shoulder for a throne, her father's paper cap for a crown, and a toasting-fork for a sceptre, which she waved with a right royal air, bringing down at every movement a perfect storm of applause from her admiring subjects. Her eldest brother was perched on a high window-sill, trying his flute. Suddenly he struck out with an enlivening martial air, to which the royal cortege began to dance.

Away flew chairs and stools, round went the toasting-fork, and down it came on poor Harris's head or shoulder if he paused an instant to take breath in the wild dance. So irresistible was the music, that the queen's mother, who was frying the supper, was obliged to dance too on the hearth-rug, waving her fork, with a sausage on it, to the tune.

This movement, unfortunately, threw a damp on the festivity, as her majesty set up a lusty cry for the sausage. Harris, no longer under the stimulus of the sceptre, stopped, looking very much dragged about the coat-tails, which, indeed, had nearly been sacrificed to the mad loyalty of her majesty's younger subjects.

"There's a queen for you!" shouted Harris, holding her up as high as his arms could reach. "Aint she the beautifullest queen as ever wanted to grab what wasn't her'n? Show me a better, if you can, from Chayni to Morrocker!"

Nobody accepting the challenge, he set the queen on her feet, and watched her admiringly as she toddled to her mother, to whom she put up a very touching, but altogether unqueenlike appeal for the coveted treasure.

As he stood there in the middle of the room, hot and panting, his eye wandering round with a good-humored dismay at the confusion and mess they had made, he had what seemed to him a strange fancy that he had heard his own name uttered. His ears were still tingling from her majesty's grip, and he thought they might easily have deceived him. He moved away, and stooped to pick up a chair next the door. Then he heard distinctly a faint voice, calling quite near:

"Harris! Harris!"

"Hallo!" roared Harris, pitching his voice as if to answer a call from half a mile off.

Immediately after he had shouted out, and brought his wife and children running to the door, he caught sight of a pair of sunken, wistful eyes, a pale face half smiling at him, a figure leaning against the passage hall. He was conscious of seeing the figure slide a little, as if it would fall, conscious of catching at it and laying one of its arms over his shoulder, and bearing its weight against him. As to the exact moment of his recognising his guest, or the first feelings of surprise at finding him in such a state, he never could remember anything about it afterwards. Surprise was so soon overpowered and forgotten in the much deeper, much quieter emotion with which he felt the hand that had been so generous to them grow stiff in his, the form which had burned with fever for their sakes, becoming more and more of a dead weight against his chest.

He waved back the children and bore him into the room, the old sofa was hastily cleared of her majesty's toys and rubbish—a proceeding which she contemplated, finger in mouth, from the folds of her mother's gown.

"Now, Bessie," said Harris, in a wonderfully quiet, firm voice, "send Tom for some brandy."

He had his arm under him still, when he had laid him down. He felt the form move on it when he gave the order about the brandy, and then felt a breath on his ear. The white lips were speaking. Harris bent close down and heard the words:

"Don't send for anything for me. I'm a beggar, Harris—don't send, I can't pay for it."

Harris looked up after his boy with a strange glitter in his eyes.

"The best brandy, Tom," he said.

He was wonderfully wise at that minute for so simple and slow a man. The tone in which he said "The best brandy, Tom," said all he wished to say in answer to Anthony's wild words.

When Tom had gone Anthony sat up and looked round him, and held out his hands to Harry and to his wife. He begged for a bit of bread, and her majesty handing him her crust, Mrs. Harris burst out crying to see how ravenously he ate it. Harris spoke very sharply to her, and got up and began to cuff the children right and left, giving all an excuse for a good blubbing, which he saw was beginning. Indeed, he had to give vent to his feelings in the same way several times that evening while Anthony told his story.

CHAPTER LV.—CALMER MOMENTS.

At breakfast, next morning, Anthony sat with his host, so wonderfully refreshed that the recent collapse seemed alike incredible to all.

He said nothing about it, further than was involved in the completion of his story, which was listened to with an emotion that more than once compelled Anthony to stop and try to laugh off the tragical influence.

And then, when he had shown his real position, and saw how his very fall only raised him the more mysteriously in their eyes, he dropped all reference to himself, and began to turn the talk to them.

"And how goes on the cabinet-making?"

"Cabinet-making? I gave that up long ago. Don't you know what I'm a doing now?"

"Not in the least."

"Now, what might you have been thinking—if one might make so bold as to ask—what might you ha' bin expectin' to find my state of things here?"

"Before I got in, I was afraid lest you might be out of work; and then—well, then, as I saw you all so comfortable, I was afraid lest you might get out of work. One does get such odd fancies, you know."

Harris replied with a hearty laugh that puzzled Anthony, and said:

"To be sure. Well, I wish you'd go out there, through that door, and ask my masters if they think o' discharging me! I've got a little job as must be done this evening—promised; and I don't like to break my word."

Anthony went out, and, to his surprise, found he was in the yard he had previously noticed. It was half a builder's, half a wheelwright's, with a dozen men, most of them the very ideals of contented industry, with their hard, horny hands, occasionally bright, handsome features, and little jets of song, laughter and whistling. They were hard at work, in all sorts of ways and places, chipping away with adzes at a block underfoot, mending big wagons, putting in the rungs of strong ladders, and so on.

Anthony stared in sheer amazement. What! Harris, whom he had dreaded to find so poor that he might even be unable to take a temporary hospitality from him, the master of all this! He was perfectly bewildered.

Harris came out, pretending to want to speak to one of the men; but Anthony, who saw his shy yet proud look, understood what he had really come for.

Very odd! There was not a single face that looked in trouble in that busy little workshop except the master's own. Prosperity had brought with it its own fresh troubles.

Could he play the master? Anthony wondered. No doubt about that. All Harris's ordinary hesitation disappeared when he spoke to the men, which he did in few words, in a low tone, and generally with a bit of a smile, but always as as to be promptly understood and obeyed.

Anthony began then to understand his host better. The painful circumstances connected with his original acquaintance with Anthony in the streets on the one hand, and his sense of his ignorance, contrasted with his belief in Anthony's supereminant acquisitions and position as a scholar and a gentleman, on the other, these were the things that made him so bashful before his young benefactor, so untrue to his better self and his native manliness of character in essentials.

Anthony began to muse over this unexpected change of fortune, and contrast it with his own. Harris had risen while he had fallen. Was it from their respective merit and demerit? Hardly. Still it made Anthony very thoughtful, as he wondered what he should do next day. He was quite determined not to stay as he was an hour longer than he was compelled.

When he got back into the room, he found Harris sitting at a writing-desk, the very picture of an aged schoolboy, hopeless of mastering a lesson. He stopped suddenly, not noticing Anthony's entrance, and thrust both his hands through his grizzled, straggling hair, the dusty points of which stuck out as if in sympathetic hopelessness and chaos.

"You look puzzled?" said Anthony, going towards him.

"Do I?" said Harris, glancing up with a painful, confused look, which instantly brightened at the sight of Anthony. Then, as if conscious he couldn't manage the two ideas at the same time—his work and Anthony—he was going to put by his papers of figures, but Anthony would not allow him.

"Go on. Don't let me stop you," he said.

"No, it don't matter; when the children and the missus is gone to bed, I'll try it agin. That's my inspired time, as I often says to wife."

"I wonder whether I could help you?"

"No, no, I couldn't let you, with all this trouble on your shoulders. I couldn't, really. But if you see me bothered a bit, you mustn't mind. You won't, will you? I often am bothered. Figures aint in my way; and yet, somehow, I can't get on without 'em. I wish I could; it 'ud be better for me."

Harris sighed as he said this. Anthony again spoke:

"I wish you'd let me try at the thing you have in hand just now. I must do something, you know, and immediately. And most likely, it will be to get into some large firm in a very humble capacity, and then trust that the advantages my education has given me, and the spur of necessity which goads me on, will together enable me to rise. That is now my only hope. So let me try if I am able to help you out of your perplexity. If I can, don't you see what a comfort it will be to me? Besides, how do you know I mayn't have to give a reference to somebody who can speak of my skill in such things? And if I can say, 'Go to Mr. John Harris, of Long Wickham,' think of that, my friend."

A shy laugh crossed the troubled face for a moment; and then, again, there appeared on it a strange medley of conflicting expressions. He

glanced towards his family, and Anthony fancied he was thinking of his exposure before them, who were accustomed, no doubt, to look on these daily exercises in figures as the foundation of all the family's prosperity, and to reverence him and them accordingly.

Harris saw, however, they were for the moment occupied, and he looked wistfully at Anthony, who read in his face the sense of shame at having to reveal the extent of his ignorance and arithmetical incapacity—mingled, however, with a sense of the honor, as he seemed to think it, of Anthony's offer, which, however, delicious to him, was excessively embarrassing. This was not at all to Anthony's satisfaction, who felt now that he, and not Harris, was in the really false position. So, without further ado, he sat down close by Harris, and said:

"I suspect you've got some valuable trade secrets here, and I give you fair warning, I mean to find them all out."

The enjoyment of Harris at this stroke settled the last lingering doubts and hesitations, and Anthony was soon hard at work casting up the items of an account which, with immense labor, Harris had prepared, full of ludicrous errors in grammar and spelling, and which he could not bring, he said, to a correct total, though the figures were there at the bottom that ought to express it.

"It can't be right—do you think it can?" he asked Anthony, with a most earnest face. "When I've added 'em up four—no, five times—and every time I makes it come quite different, shouldn't you say there must be something wrong?"

"Well, yes, I should," responded Anthony, gravely. "Let me try."

He began to reckon, but stopped frequently, with his finger pointing at particular figures, to ask questions and get answers, and then went along again.

"Eight?"

"Yes."

"Ought?"

"Yes."

"Four?"

"No, that's nine. Stop—no, it's two. Stop. I think it must be seven."

Thus Anthony finished his first calculation, and corrected to it Harris's previous total, which was very nearly right. Then he verified this calculation by a second process, and found it was quite correct.

"There," he said. "That's done, I think, so that you may rely on it."

Harris, who had been watching Anthony's eye and lips as he ran up and down the mazy columns, heedless of all the little interruptions made necessary by the uncertainty as to the figures themselves, stared almost in awe, and said nothing. The eyes and lips were to him as the incantations of some wizard, and every minute his own wonder grew. He took the paper, and himself laboriously went through the items, and when he had done, looked so distressed, that Anthony saw the work was not yet clear.

"Come, now," he said; "you cast them up aloud, and where we agree I'll say nothing, but when I find you tripping, I'll pull you up pretty sharp."

Harris laughed, and did as he was told, and soon the whole mystery was out. Two mischievous imps of figures, which he knew very well to be a five and a six before he began reckoning, always, by some glamor and artfulness on their part, became eight and nine during his reckoning, and so upset everything.

He wiped the sweat from his brow as he turned to Anthony, and said:

"That just was a spell—wasn't it? Would you like anything? Glass of wine?"

"Yes. I should like, not wine, but permission to copy this account for you, if you don't mind," said Anthony.

"If I don't mind! Hear that, missus?" Harris shouted. And then he stood, looking over his friend's shoulder with as much interest in the process as if Anthony was not simply copying, but creating the very items of the account, and his own weal or woe depended on the result.

Once he held up his hand with a solemn "Hush!" to Mrs. Harris, who happened to approach irreverently to give him a message.

Never will Anthony Maude forget how Harris studied that copy of the account which was soon presented to him, written in the most beautiful of handwritings, or how he himself studied the rich face—so haggard, so full of naive self-confession, and so unconscious of its own revelations.

Anthony saw he was reading and comparing particular words and phrases—in fact, discovering his own sins of commission and omission; and he wondered if it would prove he had been treading on dangerous ground.

After a lengthened perusal and a deep sigh—whether of regret at his own state, or of boundless content to live to see such a bill made out in the name of "John Harris"—he fetched the wife and children, and he put the two bills side by side on the table, and he moved with his hand, as much as to say—"Look—only look. I have no more to say. You know all about me now."

Anthony, on his part, was rather surprised to find quite new light thrown on his friend's position by this wonderful document. It was a quarter's account only, and amounted to £70 10s., for the making and repairing of agricultural implements. Had friend Harris come to have sums like that owing to him already? But perhaps he was in debt himself, and largely? Anthony felt quite a quail come over him as he thought how such a man, with all his unquestionable ability and devotion, might yet be going wrong from his unfittedness to understand and keep proper accounts.

Mysterious looks between man and wife now began to be exchanged, and Anthony, to avoid laughing right out, was obliged to make an excuse and go to the window. Then he heard equally mysterious phrases.

"Do, John! It'll be the makin' of us!"

"No—no, I tell you: it aint to be thought on. Don't be a foolish woman!"

"I would."

"It's nonsense! I wouldn't do it. I couldn't."

"Well, father, you know best—but, if it was me, I'd try."

Whatever the subject of the conversation, Harris came back presently, looking very red in the face, and his hands nervously twitching at a

great printed paper he was trying to drag out of a side-pocket where it stuck.

He put it into Anthony's hand, and without another word, watched him read it. It was a form of tender for the erection of a block of cottages, according to the specifications referred to in it.

"You'd like to try for this?" asked Anthony.

"Well," said Harris, scratching his head "the people mostly concerned wants me to try my luck. I've done little building jobs for them, and they seem to take to me and to my men, as is real good fellows, as I can trust anywhere."

"And have you got the specifications?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you understand them?"

"I understand the work and the names of things, and I know how to get good men to undertake, under me, bricklaying and plumbing and that, and I can keep 'em well at it; but I'm afeared the filling up this docketment, and the having to be talked to about the specifications, 'ud be too much for me—so I'd best drop it."

"Can you do the measurements?"

"Yes, I can manage that. Only put me with my three-foot rule in my hand, instead of a pen, and I can get on; but when it comes to the writin' and calkerlatin', or goin' afore boards, as they call 'em, then I'm nobody and nowhere."

Anthony, luckily, was well prepared for this subject of building, for he had studied minutely the whole while lately preparing to build his own magnificent home. Accordingly, he soon discovered that Harris was a perfect jewel of a man of business in his own way—that is, where his mechanical skill, his integrity, his perseverance and his sympathetic principle of managing his men—that is, as one of themselves, who assumed no superiority, but always looked in confidence to find work done to time and in a proper manner, because that was "business,"—where these qualifications were sufficient, John Harris got on well, and was in everybody's favor.

But obviously, he needed, if nothing else, a trustworthy accountant always at his side.

The tender was soon filled up; and no new picture by an old master ever more thrilled with delight the eyes of a knot of connoisseurs than did this fresh exhibition of Anthony's astonishing powers charm and impress Harris and his household. They evidently thought there was only one thing more required to win the day, and that was that the board should get a sight of Anthony.

"But how is it," asked Anthony, a little dubious of his friend's position in more ways than one, "that you do things so different—build and make agricultural implements? Is that wise?"

"Ah! I thought, missus, he'd find me out afore long. I bin a waitin' for him. I'm a reckless speckulator, he thinks. Shouldn't be surprised but he thinks I'd like him to go through a different sort of accounts—what I owes. Eh?"

"No, Mr. Anthony," said the proud wife, "we don't owe for nothing but materials—wood and iron, and things of that kind—and my husband allus pays for 'em when he gets paid for the job. He give five shillings, or maybe seven, and perhaps, once in a way, two pounds to look up, and that's how we keep the reckonin' straight. Nobody ever comes here asking twice for what belongs to them. Nobody. There's allus the money ready up-stairs to pay 'em."

"Ah! now I understand," said Anthony. "Your husband works hard, works well and conscientiously, and people are finding it out, and placing trust in him, and giving him more and more to do."

"Well! if you'd read it all in a book, you couldn't ha' been more exact—leastwise, as far as intentions goes in my case. But, Mr. Anthony, would you kindly come with me, if you ain't too tired, into the yard, and I'll show you something."

They went out together, and Harris took him to a little crazy shed apart, which, crazy as it looked, was carefully locked. Harris opened the door as if he was opening his great money safe, and there was an unfinished and unpainted plough.

"Mr. Anthony," he said, in a low tone, "I ain't much of a man of business, and I'm a wretched poor stick at figures. I never had any education but such as I picked up at nights, and maybe at dinner-times, and mostly when tired out with hard work. But I've got an idea better than building or taking little contracts. They'll do for a time, but not for long. Builders are a queer lot in these parts—often fail, while a few become very rich."

"Well, now, I'm going to tell you. Since the war with Bonyparte was over, a cute friend of mine, a Scotchman, who's bailiff to a grand gentleman in this neighborhood, tells me that people are all in the dark about farming, and that when they begins to be enlightened, there'll be no end of machines wanted. You'll laugh—I know you will—I roared at the notion of it. He says the time'll come as we shall not only have better ploughs, but plough by steam, and thrash corn by steam, and I do believe he was a goin' to show as farmers might do all their reaping by steam; but we who heard him couldn't stand that, so he stopped."

"But I've bin thinking, and watching, and speckelating in my own little humble, ignorant way; and I know that men are making a deal o' money by layin' out for agricultural implements, and that's what I'm a goin' to do. I'm not going to risk anything; I'm only goin' to take work in that way, and then, if there should be a spell o' work by-and-bye—"

"An excellent idea, too," said Anthony, whose brief life of country gentleman had made the theme one of deep interest. "And what's this plough?"

"Well, I'm trying to make an improvement on the sort of plough they use about here. I know three farmers 'll have new ploughs directly, if I can do what I think I can."

"What is it?" asked Anthony.

With extreme pleasure in the work, Harris now explained all the qualities of a good plough, and then showed certain special deficiencies that he had corrected; but there was a new danger, he feared, growing out of his own improvement.

He showed Anthony what he meant, and he showed it to him so thoroughly, that before he had done, Anthony was able to offer a suggestion, springing almost obviously from Harris's own idea, that seemed to bring the sun a second time that day into the shed.

"That's it—that's it! I knew it was to be done. I must go and tell the missus. I say, he's done it for me!"

And Anthony followed, once more musing over matters he felt quite unprepared to speak of.

But when the children were disposed of in bed, Anthony requested, as a special favor, a kiss from Elizabeth Jane, if that young lady had not transferred her affections elsewhere; and when they were all sitting at the fireside, a strange fit of silence came over the three.

Anthony was the first to break it.

"My good friends," he said, "I'm going to make a proposal to you. You mayn't like it, and I dare say you will think I shouldn't make it, were I not just what you see. I don't go into that."

Would you like me to stay here a bit, and attend to the accounts, and do anything that you feel I could be especially useful for?"

"Oh, if you would, Mr. Anthony!" and poor Mrs. Harris, in the joy and relief of her heart, wiped her tears away with her apron.

Harris, however, looked at her severely. "My missus doesn't think of things in a business point of view," said Harris.

"No," said Anthony, with a little inward shiver, as he saw, he thought, the idea was disagreeable; and forgot that what he was saying about the lady was hardly complimentary to her.

"How could a gentleman go into such things as wheelbarrows, and carts, and—"

"If you mean me, friend Harris, I tell you frankly the gentleman must work or starve!"

"Yes, but you'll get on. Can't I see how great men'll take you by the hand when they discover what you can do?"

"Do! You quite mistake. Why, there are thousands of men in London who can do much more than I can, and who get barely a pound a week."

Then husband and wife began once more to exchange looks right across Anthony, and to keep up quite a pretty play of argumentative disputation without a word said on either side.

"Then," said Anthony, "you don't think I could be of any service to you for a little while?"

"Eh? Hear that, missus? Tell him what you think, will you?"

That was a master-stroke of John Harris, who saw his wife bubbling over with her and his own secret desires, and who thus skilfully threw the responsibility of failure on his "better half."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Anthony," began the brave woman, who saw her children pleading to her to rise to the grandeur of the opportunity, and who went on speaking hurriedly, and reddening as she spoke. "The fact is, Harris—thinks—Why don't you speak, father, for yourself?"

"Go on, missus—we're both a listening," said the sly Harris, sheltering, as it were, behind Anthony's ignorance of her meaning, as if he, too, couldn't guess what she was after.

"Well, yes, Mr. Anthony, that's it. We've got a growing family, and we mean to give them a good education—no more ignoramuses, as father, there, says, in our family, please God! And we've got, you see, a nice little bit of business together. Father don't know how much we're making, but I do—at least, pretty near—"

"How much?" asked Harris, in a severely questioning mood.

"Well, father, I think as we shall make four hundred and odd this blessed year."

Harris stole a side look at Anthony then, but retreated in affright, and then seemed to remember that that was his wife's look out. If she was making a great mess of it for 'em both, that was her affair—he washed his hands of it.

"Well, Mr. Anthony, I'm ashamed—father, there, he knows the name—he's very much ashamed to offer it to you, but if you would kindly turn it over."

"What, my dear lady?" asked Anthony.

Harris almost trembled, by his hands and looks, not to ruin him for evermore, but she went on.

"Why, to be partner with him. He ain't a gentleman, and never will be. I'll say that for him."

"Never!" solemnly asseverated Harris, conscious he must speak the truth now or never.

"But he's a honest man, and one of the best of husbands as ever lived on this 'ere mortal earth; and there, Mr. Anthony, I can't say any more; and I hope, with all my heart, you'll forgive me if it ain't agreeable."

"Do I, my kind friend, really understand you to offer me a share in your business?"

"Oh! she speaks right enough there," said Harris, still maintaining a kind of judicial tone. "Half the concern—I couldn't offer less; but she's a good woman—and when a woman once begins to speckelate about their children's future, there's no end to their vagaries. So, Mr. Anthony, if it ain't the thing—and I'm sure it ain't—I don't know well enough what a gentleman feels at such a proposal? I think I do—leastwise—"

"And you prefer that to my own idea, which was merely to make a temporary arrangement—say so much a week besides my board and lodging; and I shouldn't have a very heavy pull on you on Saturday nights, I fear, on that understanding?"

"Couldn't do that, Mr. Anthony," said Harris, with something like dignity. "It 'ud give me more pain than I'm going, knowingly, to bargain for."

But we won't talk of it any more. I see how it is."

And the poor fellow's face became so full of gloom, that Anthony's heart quite smote him.

"You see how that is?" demanded Anthony.

"Why, you want only a bit of present help, not to be tied down. You want to go where you can be with people like yourself—and where you ought to be. And why shouldn't you? Now, missus! show Mr. Anthony that we ain't been a thinkin' of our own selves only."

Mrs. Harris, again wiping away the tears from her eyes, went to some secret hoard in a corner, which Anthony cautiously avoided to look at, and brought forth a great bag, evidently full of money.

Anthony turned to look at Harris, who, to his surprise, did not now flinch in the least, but said:

"There, Mr. Anthony. Missus and I says what we believes, that we've been bid stewards for that, and now the proper owner's come, he must have it, and God's blessing with it."

"What is it?"

"There ain't much in it. We don't offer what we ain't got to give—other people's money. This is ours. Every sixpence. How much, missus?"

"Thirty-two pounds one shilling and tenpence halfpenny."

"Put away—what for?" demanded Harris.

"To go to the Savings Bank."

"Then it's ours, Mr. Anthony; and that means it is yours till you can pay us again."

"To the Savings Bank, my friends, let it go; for, upon my honor, I won't take a penny of it."

Then, seeing he had gone too far, and was, in fact, fast driving these worthy people to believe, in spite of themselves, that he was too proud to be indebted to them in any way, and therefore wounding their pride, which was, at least, as noble as his own, he said:

"But as to your offer. Do you both really believe that I should be—that I could be—worth the share you offer me—I mean, if I were to do my very best?"

Broad illuminations passed from face to face, and the very richness of the absurdity of the question seemed to be borne back to Anthony as he looked upon them.

Then he was silent, and for the first moment began seriously to consider this quite unexpected thing. His heart yearned to the two people and to the children. He yearned for the quiet of their humble home after the late storms. Then, too, he saw the chances were really extraordinary. If this man, so unaided, had raised a business in some few years from nothing to be worth four

hundred pounds a year, what might not be done in another few years? It was wonderful that he should have come, only hoping for kind faces and brief hospitality, and meet such an offer as this.

But Clarissa, Dr. Pompea, his former associates, his mental habits, his tastes—how could all these be reconciled with the life of the Harrises, and with such intimate commercial connection? He did not merely respect them, he honored them for their admirable qualities, and he despised himself and the conventionalities of the world for suggesting now that he had better go forth, and hope to conquer fate in his own way and time.

"Will you both give me a day or two to think it over?" he asked.

"Then you'll stay with us?"

"Of course I will."

Wife looked to husband with a strange glow, but was admonished, by the dubious expression she saw, not to build any longer on weak foundations.

Anthony felt he ought to say something to express the deep gratitude of his heart, but, somehow, he was afraid to speak any more till he had had time to review the whole conversation. And so a second evening came. They were about to separate with mutual good wishes, but something of a depressed tone in the voices of husband and wife, when they heard a noise outside, a violent scuffling, followed by a loud, rough voice.

"It ain't no use your kicking. Be quiet, or I'll give you a settler. Let's see what you've got about you."

"Why, it's Darby, the old constable, a making his rounds," said Mrs. Harris.

Rap, rap, rap! came three tremendous thumps on the door, which was opened speedily.

"I say, Mr. Harris, I caught a youngster here hangin' about your place, and pretendin' he wants some Mr. Maude."

"Ha!"

Anthony rushed to the door. As he reached it, those within heard a wild sort of triumphant yell, answered by an exclamation from Anthony; and then saw him come back with a lad clinging about him, laughing and crying, and kissing his very clothes. Anthony dragged him to the fire-light, and looked into his face, holding it between his hands—then felt his arm.

"No, there ain't no bones broke, Mr. Anthony," sobbed Esau.

"My dear old boy, once more," cried Anthony.

The constable, seeing the two clinging to one another as if they were brothers, met the first time after long absence and trouble, withdrew, a little abashed; and Esau, in few sentences, told his story, standing by Anthony, their arms twined round each other.

"When the ship was a going, I knocked a big cheese overboard, and there was such a splash, and they all run, and he run, and then I run, but the other way, to the end of the ship, and I dropped there into the water by some chains I'd taken notice on afore, and then I looked out for his friend, and I seed him, but he didn't see me, for he didn't know what all the row was about among the passengers aboard, and then I went to where I seed you last, and when they took me off in the cart, and that way I got after you till I got here, for everybody knew you, you'd been axing so much for me, and for the cart, I reckoned o' that."

"My friends," said Anthony, "do you know who this is?"

And he held Esau's hand.

"No," was expressed in both pair of eyes.

"He's my uncle's grandson, and ought to be now the possessor of the splendid property that you saw me, for a brief time, in possession of."

"And will he get it?"

"Never!" said Anthony.

"Shan't try, that's one comfort!" added Esau.

"Mister Sleuth gave him" (Esau never, if he could help it, pronounced the word father) "ten thousand pounds, and, when I didn't know it was for me, I was goin' to give him back what he giv me out on it, but I did hear, just afore I jumped off the ship, and then I took care on 'em." So saying, Esau produced his treasures.

When the wonder of this exhibition was over, and when Anthony had made his friends understand the poor boy's position with his father, he said to Harris:

"Strange this boy should have come to-night. He settles our affair, I think."

"You mean—?" and poor Harris's quivering lip of self-repression could not compensate for the delight fast growing in his face.

"I mean, if you really dare do so unwise a thing as take me for a partner, I must, for this lad's sake, no longer hesitate. Will you, then, have me? Or, do you repent?"

Anthony held out his hand with a smile, and it was clasped so fervently, that if the smallest doubt had been existing, that touch removed it.

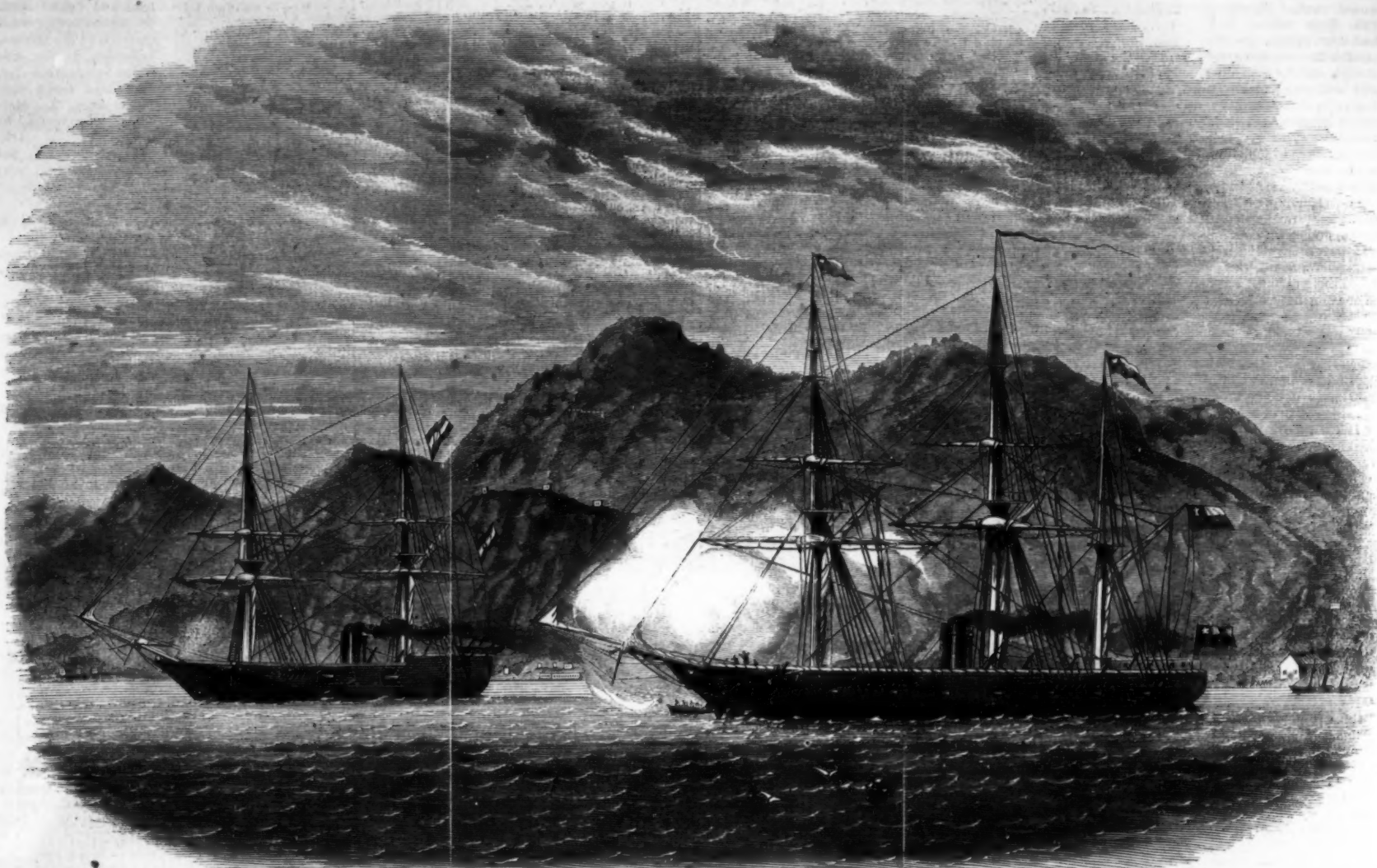
"The happiest day of my life this'll be, I know it will, Mr. Anthony. No, don't say anything to spoil it, for the missus and the children. They almost worships you now. I shall have to read the commandment to 'em on Sunday mornin'. She can't stand it if I don't blow her up. So I'll go and get that business over, while you and your kinman chat a bit to yourselves."

While Harris went to break the great news to his wife, Anthony said to Esau:

"Well, now, Esau, for a few serious words: You know how I feel towards you, and know what I say is meant for your good. You must do as I do—become industrious. Or, stop! you are very young. What do you say to letting me teach you? You'd like that? Very well. And you'll try to become sober in speech, and decent in behavior, like other people you know? Yes, yes, I understand. Tisn't easy; but you've a motive, and friends, and you'll try? That's right."

And when, late that night, after everybody else was in bed, Anthony and Harris sat smoking together, and chatting over a thousand different things, their hearts full, it came out about Anthony's intentions as regarded Esau; and then, without a word said, it was not long before Anthony saw he must have another pupil; and that, to make Harris grateful for life, he had only to promise to teach him too. And so it was settled. And there was not in all England that night a happier little household than slept under John Harris's eaves, after the dull event at Long Wickham.

Farewell! a long farewell to them! When we next meet them the shadow of an awful calamity will be over them. Happily, they are unconscious now. Dream on, simple hearts, of the future grandeur of the house of John Harris & Co. Dream on, Esau, of a life that, if no longer that of a vagabond, is to be spent by the side of Anthony. Dream on, Anthony, of the good you will here do, of the income you will help to create, of Clarissa, and of that grand day when you will go back to the old place, and appeal to the doctor to do justice to your character, and then give you Clarissa as a wife! Dream on while you may. There is that to come which will leave you in little mood for such indulgences!



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE CHILEAN CORVETTE ESMERALDA, AND THE SPANISH GUNBOAT COVADONGA, IN THE BAY OF PAPUDO—CAPTURE OF THE LATTER.—SKETCHED BY A CHILEAN OFFICER.

TRAPPING THE CAYMAN.

PERHAPS the most exciting of all the narratives in Mr. Waterton's, the great South American traveller's relations, is that which describes his efforts to entrap a cayman, and his final encounter with one of those terrible animals of the alligator kind which infest the rivers of South America. The back of the cayman is said to be almost impenetrable to a musket-ball, though his aides are not so strong, and are easily pierced with an arrow. It is believed that no animal in existence bears more decided marks in his countenance of cruelty and malice. He is the scourge

through the chain of the shark-hook, and the other end fastened to a tree on the sandbank.

It was now an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone brightly. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens, and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver. Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and the goatsuckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the prowling tiger's growl. Then all was still again, and silent as midnight.

The caymen were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owl, the goatsuckers and frogs. It was a singular and awful sound, like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered him; and, on looking at the countenances of the people round him, Mr. Waterton could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night. The party were at supper, when the Indian said he saw the cayman coming. Upon looking towards the place, there appeared something on the water like a black log of wood. It was so unlike anything alive, that the Englishman doubted if it were a cayman; but the Indian smiled, and said he was sure it was one, for he remembered seeing a cayman some years ago, when he was in the Essequibo.

At last it gradually approached the bait, and the board began to move. The moon shone so bright that they could distinctly see him open his huge jaws, and take in the bait. They pulled the rope. He immediately let drop the bait, and then they saw his black head retreating from the board to the distance of a few yards, where it remained quite motionless. The monster did not seem inclined to advance again, and so they finished their supper. In about an hour's time he again put himself in motion and took hold of the bait, but did not swallow it. They pulled the rope again, but with no better success than the first time. He retreated as usual, and came back again in about an hour. Thus the party watched till three o'clock in the morning, when, worn out with disappointment, they went to the hammocks, turned in, and fell asleep. When day broke, they found that he had contrived to get the bait from the hook, though they had tied it on with string. They had now no more hopes of taking a cayman till the return of night. The Indian went into the woods, and brought back a noble supply of game. The rest of the party went into the canoe and proceeded up the river to shoot fish, where they got even more than they could use.

The second night's attempt upon the cayman was a repetition of the first, and was quite unsuccessful. They went fishing the day after, and returned to experience a third night's disappointment. On the fourth day, about four o'clock, they began to erect a stage amongst the trees,

close to the water's edge. From this, they intended to shoot an arrow into the cayman. At the end of this arrow was to be attached a string, which would be tied to the rope; and as soon as the cayman was struck they were to have the canoe ready, and pursue him in the river.

They spent best part of the fourth night in trying for the cayman, but all to no purpose. Waterton was now convinced that something was materially wrong. He showed one of the Indians the shark-hook, who shook his head and laughed at it, and said it would not do. When he was a boy he had seen his father catch the cayman, and on the morrow he would make something that would answer.

In the meantime they set the shark-hook, but it availed nothing; a cayman came and took it, but would not swallow it. Seeing it was useless to attend the shark-hook any longer, they left it for the night and returned to their hammocks. Ere the English naturalist fell asleep, a new idea broke upon him. He considered that as far as the judgment of civilized man went, everything had been procured and done to insure success. They had hooks, and lines, and baits and patience; they had spent nights in watching, had seen the cayman come and take the bait, yet all had ended in disappointment. Probably (he thought) this poor wild man of the woods would

succeed by means of a very simple process: and thus prove to his more civilized brother that notwithstanding books and schools, there is a vast deal of knowledge to be picked up at every step.

In the morning, as usual, they found the bait gone from the shark hook. The Indians went into the forest to hunt, the white men took the canoe to shoot fish and get another supply of turtle's eggs, which they found in great abundance. They then went to the little shallow creek, and shot some young caymen about two feet long. When the arrow struck them, tiny as they were, they turned and bit it, and snapped at the men when they went into the water to take them up.

The day was now declining apace, and the Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple—there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as a little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of the rope in such a manner that if the rope be imagined to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow's head, while the other end expanded at equal distances round the rope.

It was evident that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree), the more he



THE LATE PROF. JAMES MAPES.—AMBROTYPE BY BRADY

and terror of all the large rivers in South America near the line. Mr. Waterton had long desired to catch one of these monsters, and at length favorable opportunities appeared to present themselves during his third journey along the wild and solitary banks of the Essequibo. The scenes which ensue we will describe as closely as possible in the words of the adventurous naturalist. One day, an hour before sunset, he reached the place which two men, who had joined his party at the Falls, had pointed out as a proper one to find a cayman. There was a large creek close by, and a sandbank gently sloping to the water. Just within the forest on this bank they cleared a place of brushwood, suspended the hammocks from the trees, and then picked up enough of decayed wood for fuel.

They now baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and put it upon a board, which they had brought on purpose. This board was carried out in the canoe, about 40 yards into the river. By means of a string, long enough to reach the bottom of the river, and at the end of which string was stoned a stone, the board was kept, as it were, at anchor. One end of the new rope was reeved



THE REFORMED BORNEO.

pulled the faster the barbs would shut. Nearly a mile from where they had their hammocks, the sandbanks were steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian fixed the machine, which hung suspended a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand.

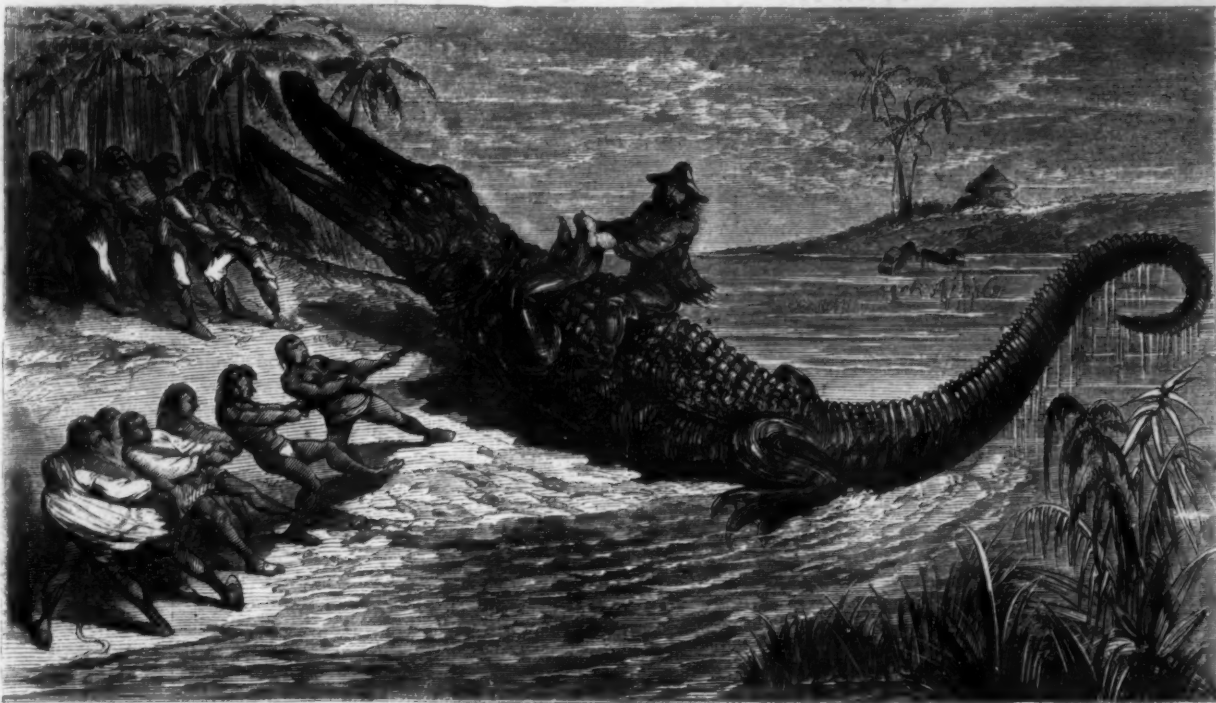
The Indian then took the empty shell of the land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with a stick. Waterton asked him why he did that, and he replied that it was to let the cayman hear that something was going on.

Having done this, the party went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning. During the night, the jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest, and at intervals they could hear the distant cayman. "The roaring of the jaguars," says the narrative, "was awful; but it was music to the dismal noise of these hideous and malicious reptiles."

About half-past five in the morning, the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place, he set up a tremendous shout. All now jumped out of their hammocks, and ran to him.

They found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. The whole party consisted of three Indians from the creek, Mr. Waterton's Indian servant Yan, a negro called Daddy Quashi, and a man named James, whom he was instructing in the art of preserving birds.

"I informed the Indians," continues Mr. Waterton, "that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, 'I might do it myself, but they would have no hand



CATCHING A CAYMAN.

one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge. I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear. I showed him a large Spanish knife which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast), and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, and sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat, with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle."

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. Mr. Waterton was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made his rider's seat very uncomfortable.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard their master tell them to pull him and his singular beast of burden farther inland. He was apprehensive the rope might break, in which case there would have been every chance of going under water with the cayman.

The people now dragged them above forty yards on the sand. "It was the first and last time," says Waterton, "I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. They now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore feet, but they had another severe struggle for superiority before the huge monster was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where they had suspended the hammocks, where, after he was slain, the enthusiastic naturalist commenced dissecting him, thus making a valuable addition to scientific knowledge.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

WHEN the Swiss Guard upon which Charles X. had relied so unwisely for the maintenance of his arbitrary government, were dispersed by the revolution of 1830, a certain Captain Sutter, who had served in that body, determined to quit the country in which he and his comrades were so unpopular, and to seek his fortune in a new capacity in the far wilds of North America. A Swiss by birth, Sutter possessed all the industry and persevering energy peculiar to his countrymen. Ready to serve as a soldier where moderately good pay and a commission were offered to him, he was equally ready to clear a space in the primeval forest, or to build himself a home in the prairie.

Accordingly in 1839 he set sail from Havre for New York, whence in a short time he proceeded

to the far-western state of Missouri. Here having acquired a little money by agriculture, he removed at the end of six years to the still more remote territory of Oregon, and finally, in 1839, he settled in California.

This country was then but little known, with the exception of the seaboard, where vessels from all parts traded with the Indians chiefly for skins; but the Swiss captain belonged to a class who can contrive to prosper anywhere. Far beyond the limits of civilized life he determined to lead an independent existence, and to become a sort of sovereign, on a small scale, of the wild country around him. Accordingly, he built with the aid of his men a fort on the River Sacramento, a very necessary protection from hostile tribes of Indians. This fort he named after his native country, New Helvetia; and in the prairie round this spot he gradually accumulated a herd of 4,000 oxen, besides 1,500 horses and mules, and 2,000 sheep. He also became the owner of a vast acreage of land under grain crops, and of two trading vessels in the river. His fort was supplied with 12 pieces of artillery, and defended by a garrison of 70 men, and its owner was beyond all question the wealthiest and most independent man in the vast range of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

It was in September, 1847, that Captain Sutter, being anxious to construct a saw mill to be turned by water power, near a pine forest, employed for that purpose a friend skilled in engineering named Marshall. The work progressed, and the supply of water to the mill was so situated as to wash

which all your flocks and herds will be a trifle." "It is gold beyond doubt," replied the captain; "and this is how gold is generally found; but this sand is rich beyond example. We must keep this secret, and become gold-diggers together."

The precious secret was kept for a short time, and the captain and his friend found means to gather abundant proofs of the productiveness of the region in the precious metal; but it soon became whispered abroad that gold had been discovered at the American fork of the Sacramento river; and to the astonishment of the world a gold fever arose, such as had never been known before. A few laborers became possessed of some of the precious dust, and took it for sale to San Francisco, the town at the mouth of the Sacramento.

The news spread with the rapidity of a fire amidst the withered grass of the prairies. Soldiers and sailors deserted for the "diggings;" shopkeepers closed their shops, and fled to the same attractive region; and in a few months the solitudes in which the flocks and herds of the ex-captain of the Swiss Guard had lately wandered at will were filled with a motley gathering, whose labors quickly became a subject of intense anxiety in every money market in the Old and New World.

PROF. JAMES J. MAPES.

PROF. MAPES was born in New York, May 29, 1806. In very early youth he developed a mind of great activity, research and invention. The early



THE LAST INSTANCE OF BARBARIETY.

in it; the cayman would worry some of us.' On saying this, they squatted on the grass with the most perfect indifference.

"The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware that if I tried to force them against their will, they would take themselves off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried, and apologizing for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him in the cayman's jaws. Here, then, we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon



THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

developments of his intellect would have naturally led one to suppose that in after life he would have proved, not a farmer, but a soldier; for it is stated of him that when only 17 years of age he delivered a full course of lectures in this city on "Military Tactics," varying the interesting exercises on the closing night by the exhibition and explanation of a model machine of his own invention, illustrating with figures, &c., the advance of Napoleon on Moscow and the subsequent retreat. This model is represented to have been a curious machine, but it is not known that its principle was ever applied to any useful purpose.

This invention and these ideas were the crude ones of youth. He began soon after to apply his inventive faculties to more useful subjects, and became interested in the refining of sugar, a business in which, after being engaged for six years, he failed financially. This life had led to the close study of chemistry, and he now divided his attention between this study and that of natural history. He had some knowledge of civil engineering, and is said to have been the first person who ever opened an office in this city as a consulting engineer. On the profits of this profession he lived for nearly twelve years, devoting his spare time to his studies.

His success as a student of natural history was very great, and some of his articles attracting attention he was made a permanent member of the New York Lyceum, and honorary member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, Royal Society of St. Petersburg and Geographical Society of Paris, while one of our State universities conferred on him the degree of LL. D. He had begun as early as 1842 to attract some attention as a chemist (particularly by his analysis in a report to the State Senate of beer and wines, but still more so by his able papers on scientific subjects published in the *American Repository of Arts, Sciences and Manufactures*, of which he was subsequently made the editor), when he for a time injured his reputation by publishing a work on agriculture, which was so full of what were regarded as wild and visionary schemes of a disordered mind that he everywhere met with derision, even from the American Institute, before which he had lectured. Professor Mapes' reputation never entirely recovered from these attacks, though it was soon after found that he and Dr. Liebig, the great German authority on similar subjects, agreed with singular exactness in their philosophy regarding the "progression of primaries" and other theories. His success as a farmer had, however, much more to do with the re-establishment of his character as a sound chemist than the circumstance of the correspondence of his ideas with those of the German chemist.

As a farmer Professor Mapes has given hundreds of useful discoveries to the world, and not a few important inventions. The sub-soil plough, rotary digger and spade, now in such common use, are his inventions, while his advice and experience in regard to chemical manures are accepted as authority all over the country.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YOUNG widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile:

"He's dead, I thank you."

Mrs. PARTINGTON is in New York. She came in from Boston as soon as she learned by telegraph that gold was falling rapidly in Wall street, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the shower is going back a disappointed woman.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically over the excited disputants he began:

"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you do want!"

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

At an evening party, a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that very elderly lady?"

"One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

"You do wrong to fish on a Sunday," said a clergyman to a boy he saw so doing.

"Well, sir," replied the boy, "it can't be much harm, for I ain't notched nothin'."

A MAN having hurt his forehead, was advised to rub it with brandy. Some days after, being asked if he had done so, he answered:

"I have tried several times, but can never get the glass higher than my mouth."

"WHICH, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."

"And why so?"

"Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity!"

A MAN recently got married in Kentucky one day, and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to try all varieties of nooses, to see which he liked best.

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, miss?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together."

It is said that a watch-dog is not so large in the morning as at night, because he is let out at night and taken in the morning.

"WELL, Mr. Tree, if you are about to leave, I shall detain your trunk," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

A MAN being asked what he had had for dinner, replied: "A lean wife, and the ruin of man for sauce." On being asked for an explanation, it appeared that his dinner consisted of a spare rib of pork and apple sauce.

The celebrated speech of Sir Boyle Roche, "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but mark me! I shall yet nip him in the bud!" was evidently the model upon which a writer in a late Kansas paper remarks upon the result of a recent election. He says that "The fall of corruption has been dispelled, and the wheels of the State Government will no longer be hampered by sharks that have beset the public prosperity like locusts."

WHY cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking-stick? Because it can never be long to him.

A girl who was making a dress, put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

A SOLDIER boasted to Gen. Hooker of the many wounds he had received in his face. Hooker knowing him to be a coward, said to him, "The next time you run away, you had better take care how you look behind you."

KATE was talking glowingly about love-apples. "That's strange!" exclaimed Charley, her accepted lover. "Why should love be associated with apples? On the contrary, I thought that love always went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.

A SHREWD little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translation:

"Vir, a man; gin, a trap—Virgin, a man-trap."

"Now, children," asked a school inspector,

"who loves all men?"

A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not well up in the catechism, answered quickly:

"All women!"

It may be said generally of husbands, as the old woman said of hers, who had abused her to an old maid, who reproached her for being such a fool as to marry him. "To be sure, he's not so good a husband as he should be, but he's a powerful sight better than none."

OWING to the high price of meat of all kinds, a company has been started to manufacture pork out of pig iron.

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The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it; it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that I cannot possibly, in part, prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending to all who need a cough or kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

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REV. H. D. DODGE, of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practicing physician, as well as preacher, in a letter to Dr. P., dated May 21, 1863, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him, a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector*.

The editor of the *Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror*, in a leader of the daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

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